

We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.
 They master us and force us into the arena.
 Where like gladiators we must fight for them. — *Holmes*.

25 CENTS

The ARENA

EDITED BY
 JOHN CLARK RIDPATH, LL. D.

JUNE, 1897

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Official Handbook, Independent Order Knights of Labor." Paper. Address of General Secretary-Treasurer, Charles R. Martin, Box 389, Tiffin, Ohio.

"Two Strange Adventures." By Kinahan Cornwallis. Paper. Pp. 325. Price 25 cents. Published by F. Tennyson Neely, New York, N. Y.

"A Bachelor of Paris." By J. W. Harding. Paper. Pp. 209. Price 50 cents. Published by F. Tennyson Neely, New York, N. Y.

"Astrology, Science of Knowledge and Reason." By Ellen H. Bennett. Cloth. Pp. 334. Price \$3.00. Published by the Author, 761 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"Out of a Young Man's Life: Poems." By O. R. Washburn. Cloth. Pp. 59. Published by McCay & Calvin, Meadville, Pa.

"An Essay on the Present Distribution of Wealth in the United States." By Charles B. Spahr, Ph. D. Cloth. Pp. 184. Price \$1.50. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Company, 100 Purchase Street, Boston, Mass.

"The Little Lady of Lagunitas." By Richard Henry Savage. Paper. Pp.

482. Price 25 cents. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"The Parent and Teacher for the Pupil." By L. Whitney Elkins. Cloth. Pp. 134. Published by the Author, Sanbornville, N. H.

"The Old Testament Under Fire." By A. J. Behrends, D. D., S. T. D. Cloth. Pp. 246. Price \$1.00. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, London, and Toronto.

"Prince Schamyl's Wooing." By Richard Henry Savage. Paper. Pp. 346. Price 25 cents. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, and New York.

"Mainly for Myself." By Robert T. Kerlin. Cloth. Pp. 111. Price \$1.00. Published by the Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Co., Kansas City, Mo.

"A Goddess of Africa." By St. George Rathbone. Paper. Pp. 267. Price 50 cents. Published by F. Tennyson Neely, New York, N. Y.

"Browning's Paracelsus and other Essays." By J. D. Buck. Cloth. Pp. 101. Price \$1.00. Published by The Robert Clarke Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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HON. JAMES D. PHELAN,
MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO.

THE ARENA.

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MUNICIPAL CONDITIONS IN CALIFORNIA.

BY HON. JAMES D. PHELAN,

Mayor of the City and County of San Francisco, Cal.

THE best means of securing better municipal government is not a question for the East or the West, nor for the people resident exclusively of cities and towns. It is a question whose solution affects the interests of all the people. A study of population shows that the proportion which the town and city bear to the country is three to one against the country, and hence it is safe to conclude that city life, in its political, social, and physical aspect, determines to a very great extent the national life.

In this view, municipal government becomes more than a matter for merely local consideration. When recently the legislature extended the limits of the city of New York and conferred upon that city a new charter, supposed to embrace the most advanced municipal reforms, an enterprising metropolitan journal called for a general expression of opinion as to its significance, and the people north, south, east, and west were pleased to respond. Why? Because a representative city by making a new departure in government vitally interested them. Success in such matters is contagious. Failure is a warning. So greatly do American cities resemble one another in the spirit, genius, and aspirations of the people that the influence of leadership is magnetic. Improvements made and reforms inaugurated are rapidly transmitted from one place to another. The eager life, however, of a business city by the far Pacific, where men are supposed to be engrossed in fortune-making and possessed of little leisure, and where the community is not, perhaps, as deeply rooted as elsewhere, might not present so valuable a study to reformers as the municipal conditions in the older cities and towns. But, while it is true that these considerations have retarded the development of local civic pride, San Francisco to-day, with its fifty years of growth and experience, is well abreast of the country in its knowledge of what the people should expect of modern municipal government, and is strong in its struggle for a realization of these expectations.

Patriotic men have organized associations to assist in the better government and improvement of the city, and at this time a new charter, built on Eastern models, is the leading feature of the municipal programme, which is being energetically pressed, and which will likely become effective within the next two years. San Francisco has suffered from scattered powers and divided responsibility. Legislative interference and "boss" politics have made reforms imperative, and the new charter is designed to cure these evils. In line with this tendency, the recent legislature, anticipating charter reform, has conferred additional power on the Mayor by passing an act requiring every ordinance to be sent to him, for approval or disapproval, calling for any specific improvement or the granting of any franchises or other privilege, or affecting real property interests, or providing for the expenditure of more than one hundred dollars of the public moneys, or levying a tax or assessment, or establishing rates for artificial light, or ordinances or resolutions imposing a duty or a penalty, which shall have passed the city council. The city council, or Board of Supervisors, as it is called, consists of twelve members, and it requires the vote of nine to overcome the executive veto. The charter will no doubt confer on the Mayor the power of appointment in most of the administrative offices, and will elaborate a scheme of civil-service reform. Under our present system, there is a multiplicity of elective officers, and the local legislature usurps executive functions. President Jordan, of Stanford University, pithily stated the case and dissipated the natural antipathy to the concentration of power in the hands of one man, whose personality can be determined only by an election, when he said that the only way to get a good Mayor is to make a bad one a public calamity.

Historically the development of municipal government in San Francisco has progressed from fear to confidence. That is to say, the early timidity of the founders of the city gave us a legislative charter which was designed to prevent official wrongdoing. The new plan is to permit good to be done, even through the formerly mistrusted official channels. When powers are scattered, "the boss" gathers the ends together and becomes an autocrat, corrupt and irresponsible. Now we would make "the boss" elective. If he be chosen by the people he should represent the people's will and do it. The old prejudice against an autocrat, at home and abroad, arose from the fact that he was not responsible to the people.

The conditions which have surrounded municipal life in San Francisco sprang from the circumstances and temperament of the people, who originally regarded their sojourn in California as only temporary, and expected to return ultimately to their Eastern homes. For this

reason their government was a makeshift. But among later generations that sentiment has been superseded by a sense of pride in the city, which has an affectionate hold upon its population, reinforced by the love of home and the desire to excel. But this early indifference has produced two curious results, interesting to students of municipal government.

First, so thoroughly safeguarded were the powers conferred upon the supervisors and the city officials, and so reluctant were the people, only mindful of their immediate wants, to discount an uncertain future which they did not expect to enjoy, that comparatively no public debt was created, and we have a municipality without bonds. San Francisco has grown in fifty years from nothing to a city of 350,000 people; has constructed streets, erected public buildings, schools, and hospitals, laid out parks, one of which, reaching to the Pacific Ocean, is maintained out of taxation at an annual cost of a quarter of a million dollars; and yet the city may be said to have practically remained out of debt. Probably this experience cannot be paralleled by any city of equal size and importance, and of such rapid growth, in the civilized world.

Second, while San Francisco has accomplished this, yet, unlike other cities which have large bonded indebtedness, she owns no public utilities. The same shortsighted thrift which saved the city from borrowing, also deprived it of owning. Public property, it is true, to the value of \$25,000,000 stands in the city's name, a part of which is inherited from the old Spanish pueblo, and a part has been paid for by taxation; but the great tax-levying corporations, performing municipal functions, have been allowed to usurp the municipal powers and occupy a field which modern municipal development has made so inviting. The past generation desired to simplify their government and limit the scope of public works, as we have seen, and thus the egregious fault was committed of giving away for long periods, without compensation or reservation, valuable franchises for street railways, telegraph, telephone, subways, water-supply, and gas and electric lighting. It is only within the last few years that strict laws covering the sale of franchises have been enacted, and when the existing privileges expire by limitation the city may recover the advantages which it has lost. By the constitution of 1879, however, the exclusive character of water and light franchises was destroyed by giving the use of streets for such purpose to any person or persons who would file a sufficient bond for the restoration of the roadway, the local legislature reserving the right to fix the rates which should be charged; and these rates the courts have decided must be reasonable. But the fact still remains that to-day the street-car service, the telephone, telegraph, garbage disposal, water, and artificial light are owned by private corporations.

As might have been expected the result has been the creation of powerful monopolies and the imposition of high rates for all kinds of service, and to maintain them we have, as a corollary, the suspected corruption of public bodies. Legislators and supervisors and even courts are exposed to the machinations of these corporations, which, with the Southern Pacific Company, the overshadowing railroad monopoly of the State, have been classified by the people, in impotent wrath, as "the associated villanies." They have debauched politics and have established a government within a government, more powerful in normal times than the State government itself.

These conditions emphasize the desirability of the public ownership of utilities, because, while better results could no doubt be attained, especially under a reform of the civil service, public bodies would not be exposed to the insidious inroads of corruption, which carries with it the ultimate destruction of representative government. Where the commodities supplied are a public and universal necessity, either natural or made so by the demands of civilized life, the state, in granting franchises, practically transfers with them the power of taxation. Every rise in the price of water or artificial light is tantamount to an additional tax imposed upon the people. Every dividend that is paid upon the watered stock of transportation or other companies using public streets is an unjust and unwarranted imposition upon the people. As these corporations cannot exist without the use of the public streets, which belong to all the people, so should the interest of all the people be the first consideration of the lawmakers, and only reasonable interest should be permitted to be earned on the capital actually invested. If, as is true, \$2,500,000 is annually contributed by the citizens of San Francisco for water and artificial light, it is certainly no less taxation, so universal and necessary is the use of these things, than the \$5,000,000 raised to maintain the city government; and, if this charge is double the value of the service, the people are being despoiled of their property with the connivance of the state, and are unjustly taxed.

Again, the growth and development of the business of a city depend very largely on the transportation facilities which it possesses within its limits and connecting with its suburbs. One system of street railway, for instance, costing less than \$9,000,000 to build and equip, and which collects over \$3,250,000 annually in fares, has issued stock for \$18,750,000, and has outstanding bonds for \$11,000,000, upon all of which it pays interest. Its earning power with five-cent fares should not be the measure of its value. Its value for the purpose of estimating reasonable dividends should be its actual cost. And, on this theory, such a system should supply the citizens of San Francisco with cheaper service, especially during certain hours of the day, when the

working classes pay the toll permitted to be collected over the public streets.

A gas company, whose plant can be duplicated for less than \$5,000,000, is paying six-per-cent dividends on \$10,000,000; and a water company, whose capitalization of stock and bonds amounts to \$23,000,000, and whose property, held for the legitimate purpose of supplying the city with water and not for the exclusion of competitors or for speculation, is very considerably less, is paying regular rates of interest to its stockholders and bondholders on the face value of its securities. I closely estimate that \$7,000,000 is annually paid by San Francisco for her water, light, and street-car transportation, a sum \$3,000,000 in excess of the amount raised last year by the municipality from direct taxation for the support of the local government.

The state should not permit private fortunes to be made out of the necessities of the people, nor should city councils permit the use of public streets to become the means of oppression. Unjust and unnecessary taxation is oppression. The questions here involved are equally momentous with those which stirred to action the American revolutionists, and John Hampden before them; and the spirit of the times demands that these tax-levying companies shall act, in quasi-public affairs, with strict accountability, not to their stockholders alone, but also to the people.

Modern American cities, careful to preserve representative institutions in their purity, should be prepared to own and operate public utilities. That is the ultimate solution of this disturbing question. But, failing of this, the unequal and demoralizing struggle between the weak and the venal on the one side, and the strong and the unscrupulous on the other, must go on. In practice the power of regulation is the opportunity of the corrupt and the corrupter, and is no adequate remedy. Corporations have their rights, but they also have their duties. It cannot be said in these days that laying tracks and running cars, or laying pipes and pumping water, or manufacturing light requires any peculiar ingenuity which calls for special reward. No, the proposition is too simple, and the public are too vitally affected. The people, by the highest exercise of their power, the use of which is only defensible by great public necessity, by the right of eminent domain, condemn private property for public use. This is done, on the same theory and with the same justification, for and in behalf of quasi-public corporations. The use of public streets is also granted to them, without which they could not exist. In return, the city says: "The property you thus create is not exclusively private property, but is invested with a public use for the benefit of the people, not for their oppression. A fair and reasonable return on your actual investment is

your right, but you cannot capitalize the use of the streets or the power of the state invoked in your behalf. You cannot collect tolls and pay dividends upon such a capitalization."

It is a confusion of terms, however, to speak of such a capitalization as fictitious. It is not. It is there. It is composed, however, of two parts, which the stockholder and bondholder invariably overlook, namely: the part contributed by the city (the indispensable condition of its existence); and the part contributed by the corporation, upon which alone it should be paid.

It should be remembered by the owners of this class of property that their companies are not obliged to go into the business of serving the inhabitants of a city with their necessities. The municipality itself, as one of its proper functions, can perform the same service, and if private individuals assume this function, they voluntarily assume its obligations and its hazards. This very fact of municipal control or possible condemnation constitutes one of the safeguards of the public, and operates as a restraint upon corporate rapacity. The ownership of all kinds of property is attended with risk, but the risk of this class of property is minimized when we consider that it cannot be condemned without compensation, and that its very magnitude excludes ordinary competition. Furthermore, good service at reasonable rates protects the corporation against public and even competitive opposition. If its relations with the public are satisfactory as to rates and service, as exemplified in many cities of the country, its property is not needlessly exposed to attack.

On the other hand, the so-called sanctity of private property that has only a remote relationship to the public, is constantly invaded. It is taken away for public and quasi-public purposes against the will of the owner. It has to bear taxes and assessments which are often confiscatory, and is exposed to daily and unrestrained competition, which lowers rents and diminishes the profits of trade. The growth and development of one part of the city very often causes stagnation in another, and consequently the private citizen suffers; while the quasi-public corporation, invariably using the public streets, which are the common property of all, is compensated for the loss here by the gain there. No courts have decreed that the private citizen is entitled to a reasonable interest on his investment. He has to take what he can get. He has to pay for his mistakes; and the only advantage which he enjoys over quasi-public ownership is that he can look forward to (even if he does not always realize) the speculative value of his investment.

No, the risk of ownership is common to all property, and cannot be urged with any force in favor of quasi-public corporations. For

while it is true that the city, accepting their use and service, cannot take away their right to reasonable profits (which is a guarantee in itself), yet, on the other hand, no one dealing with the public in such an intimate capacity as do these corporations, has a right to expect more. That is the distinction, and that is the difference. In California last year, for instance, a railroad was constructed involving six million dollars, and the projectors voluntarily bound themselves to receive no more than six per cent per annum on their investment, giving the public the benefit of earnings in excess of that by constantly reduced rates. This is freely doing what the state should compel.

The further distinction between the monopoly of public utilities and the ownership of private property and the conduct of private business, consists in this: that the people must patronize the one but need not necessarily patronize the other. Competition regulates the price of other commodities, but property in utilities is naturally or necessarily a monopoly. When regulation and control become, for any reason, dangerous to the state or impracticable, we must conclude that municipal ownership is the only remedy.

No municipality can afford to yield, without imposing strict and easily observed and automatically enforceable conditions, its inherent right of taxation, no matter how disguised. No corporation, if it be wise, even with the wisdom of a serpent, should willingly assume that power with the purpose of making excessive profits.

The necessities of the public do not create a legitimate field for financial exploitation by private enterprise, nor are public bodies fair prey for "organized appetites" and corporate greed. The people are entitled to the protection of their government, even against betrayal by their own servants; certainly against invasion by corporations of their own creation.

There is, however, such a thing as a free and cordial understanding between the people and the quasi-public corporations. But while this is possible and even actual, it is rare. And it must be borne in mind that where it exists this principle is firmly established and freely recognized — that the people are entitled to and should only pay reasonable rates, and that the companies are, therefore, entitled to and should only receive for their services reasonable compensation.

RAILWAY FINANCIERING AS A FINE ART.

BY HON. WILLIAM P. FISHBACK,

President of the Western Association of Writers.

THE use of chips and counters is a great convenience in such games as poker, faro, and the like. The business, so called, of the stock exchange, in Wall Street and elsewhere, is carried on by the use of tokens or bits of paper designated as bonds and stock certificates, which are supposed to entitle the holders of them to certain dividends to be declared by managers of railway and other corporations, or to certain interest instalments payable at stated times. The croupier at faro guarantees prompt payment in cash to the chip-holders at the end of the game. The seller of stocks and bonds in the game in "the Street" guarantees nothing except the title and the genuineness of the chips. The purchaser buys under the rule *caveat emptor* as to price and value. The value of his purchase depends upon the volume of railway traffic, transportation rates, the state of the money market, the ability, the honesty, or dishonesty of corporation managers, the manner in which corporation reports and accounts are made and kept, whether these reports and accounts are fair or "cooked," whether the officers wear "smoked glasses," and the like. Now, it is plain that the so-called "lambs" are at a disadvantage in this business, or game. In faro the "splits" give the dealer a small percentage of advantage, but this the player understands and may calculate on; the contingencies and rascalities in the stock-dealing game, however, are incalculable.

This by way of prelude, the object of this paper being to point out some of the evils of stock-gambling which are not necessary evils, evils which can be got rid of, or at least greatly lessened, so that the man, woman, or "lamb" who takes a hand in the game shall have at least as good a show for his money as the tenderfoot who plays stud-poker at a wayside inn in Arizona and submits to the five-per-cent "rake-off" of the dealer.

As the game in the street cannot well proceed without the bonds and stock certificates which are used as chips or counters, let us make inquiry concerning the manufacture of these implements of the trade. As red, white, and blue counters, graded in dignity and value according to color, are used in faro, so the stock-gambling tokens used in the street are similarly graded, and are known as first mortgage bonds, second mortgage bonds, consolidated mortgage bonds, income mortgage bonds, equipment bonds, preferred stock, and common stock. Printed

on good parchment paper and elaborately engraved and decorated by the American Bank Note Engraving Company or some other reputable concern; bearing the signatures of the President and Secretary of the corporation with the impress of the corporate seal, and carrying also the certificates of reputable gentlemen, who as trustees affirm their genuineness, these bonds and stock certificates seem to import value upon the face of them. But it is a sad fact that many of them are printed, signed, sealed, and delivered "with intent to deceive," and with no honest belief on the part of those who issue and sell them that the purchaser will ever get his money back.

Take a common case. A new railway is projected in one of the Western or Southern States. A professional promoter of such schemes, with a glib tongue and an elastic conscience, is employed to go along the proposed line or lines and work up some local interest in the enterprise. The people are assured by this gentleman that if they will vote a subsidy of two or three per cent of the taxable value of the property in the county or town through which the railway is to run, and procure a donation of the right of way, the road can be "bonded" for enough money to build and equip it. The further assurance is given that the stock which is to be issued to the taxpayers and donors of right of way will be worth par as soon as the cars begin to run. Careful computations are exhibited on maps and blackboards showing how at a very moderate freight rate the net earnings of the road on local tonnage alone will pay the interest on the bonded debt, dividends on the stock, keep up the repairs, and furnish a sufficient sinking fund to pay off the entire mortgage debt at or before maturity.

The sinking-fund clauses in these mortgages are prepared with great care, and while in form they seem to import the utmost good faith, the attorneys who draft them must grin at each other during the performance. Articles of incorporation are prepared and filed, and the corporation has at least a paper existence. Public meetings are held along the proposed route, optimistic speeches are made, the few old fogies who dissent are incontinently squelched, the elections are held, the subsidies are voted, and the right of way is secured. Now the contractor or construction company comes upon the scene, and after some dickering a bargain is made. The cost of grading, bridges, and track — the country being level — would be about ten thousand dollars per mile if paid for in cash. Instead of cash the contractor is to have the right of way and subsidies — \$20,000 first mortgage bonds, \$15,000 second mortgage bonds, \$10,000 income mortgage bonds, \$10,000 preferred stock, and \$10,000 common stock per mile, or an aggregate of bonds and stocks of \$65,000 per mile; so that a road one hundred miles in length will have outstanding bonds and stocks amounting to \$6,500,000.

Well, the road is built, after a fashion, and the bonds and stocks are delivered to the contractor. Having a mind to go to fresh woods and pastures new, the contractor unloads, a New York or Boston syndicate taking the whole issue of bonds and stocks, say for \$15,000 per mile. The syndicate elect directors and officers for the corporation and make a show of operating the road. A prospectus is published showing that the road traverses a country rich in coal mines, stone quarries, hardwood forests, and agricultural products. Religious papers publish the prospectus, and pious preachers living along the line write letters to Eastern journals extolling the management and proclaiming the success of the enterprise. When the people of small savings — the preachers, teachers, widows, executors, guardians and trustees — and all those who are seeking safe investments have been properly "gingered" by these publications, the syndicate announce that a limited amount of "firsts" will be sold for the beggarly price of 90 cents on the dollar, and "seconds," say, at 40 cents; and each delivery of bonds so sold is "sugared" by a donation of an equal amount of stock.

The proceeds of the sale of the first bonds issued are used to eke out the earnings and pay a few instalments of interest, but the way in which this is done is not publicly known. By a bookkeeping juggle it is made to appear that the road is making net earnings when in fact it is not paying taxes and operating expenses. It is a very inexpert auditor of a railway company who cannot show that his insolvent company is earning its interest and dividends. It is a device of syndicates who are preparing to unload, to direct the auditor to sophisticate the accounts for that purpose. Take for a sample a case that came before me for investigation, in which the bondholders and general creditors of an insolvent railway company were quarrelling over the question whether the company had made net earnings in a given year. The books and auditor's reports showed a handsome balance to the credit of net earnings. When cornered the auditor swore that by direction of the president he had credited to betterment and permanent-improvement account a half-million of dollars which was properly chargeable to operating expenses, and by this simple process he made it to appear that his insolvent company paid all expenses and made net earnings. The fact was, the property was running down and creating a large floating debt. The device, however, enabled the president to work off upon deluded investors a large block of bonds. Being questioned, the auditor said he knew it was wrong, but he felt bound to obey the order of his president. Ignatius Loyola required that the inferior should be as a corpse in the hands of his superior.

This sham bookkeeping and puffing are sometimes kept up, and the interest instalments are punctually paid until the unloading process

is completed, when the gentlemen composing the syndicate turn their attention to new ventures. After a while, with no more unissued bonds to sell, the coupons are defaulted, and the victims learn the truth. Meanwhile the bonds and stocks have been "listed" at the stock exchange, and when the tumble begins the holders rush to the market and take what they can get. Or if enough of them have pluck to hold on, they organize a committee and commence proceedings to foreclose the mortgage, which ordinarily means a scaling of "firsts" and "seconds" and the utter obliteration of the underlying bonds and stock. The committee come West, make a tour of inspection, and discover that instead of a well-built, thoroughly equipped railway, they have as a security what Col. Ingersoll has felicitously called "a streak of rust and a right of way." The road is unballasted, the ties are rotting, the station-houses are tumble-down shanties, the trestles and culverts and bridges are dangerous, the quarries and mines and forests have not been discovered, and everything is dilapidated. The car rentals are in arrears, and the pay-rolls and supply claims to a large amount are due and unpaid. A receiver is appointed, receiver's certificates are issued to raise funds to make the road safe for public travel, these certificates becoming liens prior to the lien of the first mortgage bonds; and priority is also allowed to labor and supply claims. The road is ultimately sold, and after paying the receiver's debt and other preferred claims, the balance is distributed to the holders of the first mortgage bonds and coupons. When the interest is defaulted the small holders usually become panic-stricken, and by the time the road is sold the most of the securities have passed into the hands of a few men who lay their plans for a new deal. During the last twenty years nearly forty railways in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois have gone through the foreclosure flint mill.

I have before me a list of twelve railways located wholly or in part in the State of Indiana which have passed under the hammer in foreclosure proceedings. The aggregate length of the roads when they were sold was 2,143 miles, and the interest-bearing mortgage debt at the time of sale was \$67,480,000, being \$31,441 per mile. In no single case was the property worth the mortgage debt, and of course all the stock was worthless. Meanwhile, for some years, the stock to the amount of many millions of dollars had been used as chips and counters in the great game of "the Street." Little, if any, of this loss falls upon the grangers except in a few cases where they have pledged their personal credit to raise funds to build the roads. Most of these roads — and I believe I can say of the twelve mentioned, that all of them — were built with capital furnished by Eastern capitalists and foreigners. Farms have increased in value, and thriving villages along the lines have come

to be prosperous cities. A consideration of this fact should go far to lessen the clamor that is heard in some parts of the West against Eastern capitalists.

The insolvency of a new railway enterprise and the consequent foreclosure and sale seem to be as inevitable and natural as the process of dentition in infants. And yet the credulity or gullibility of mankind is so general that there are always those who think they see a sure and safe thing in embarking in these new ventures. Dr. King, one of Henry Crabb Robinson's correspondents, propounded a theory with respect to the existence of evil. He said :

That with such a being as man, he can only be cured of sin or folly by suffering its consequences. He is not an *a priori* being, but a being of experience. We see in every action, from the cradle upwards, that he takes little or nothing on trust. He must make his experiments and prove that the fruit is bitter by its taste. No sooner has one generation done this and satisfied itself than another arises which must be satisfied in the same way. Thus the effect of the experience of one generation upon the next is an infinitesimal one; but it is something; and so, after many ages, even in this life sin may be conquered.

It may be also that according to the same principle, the particular breed of lambs who now allow themselves to be so unmercifully fleeced will disappear; but from present indications that time is yet far away in what in the Mexican *patois* is called the "*dim pia*." These victims of their own credulity remind me of a pet raccoon of which I was the happy possessor when a boy. The animal came on the porch roof to my window at night and tried to get at the lighted candle. I raised the sash and he came in. He put one paw into the blaze and withdrew it with a squeak of pain. Not satisfied, he tried the other paw with the same result. Still persisting, he thrust his nose into the flame, and having thereby singed his whiskers he loped off to the top of an apple tree to cogitate concerning his new experiences.

There are rich men who have amassed most of their wealth by playing the game of foreclosing railway mortgages, cancelling old securities, organizing new companies, issuing new securities, floating them upon cooked reports, paying interest and dividends with borrowed money, then defaulting and foreclosing again. The sponge is squeezed, filled and squeezed again, as long as it will hold water. This is as bad as, if not worse than, the trick of a new venture. Some men would not feel comfortable in the possession of fortunes realized in that way, but they are usually "cranks" who believe in the existence of a moral law — some of them are credulous enough to believe in a hereafter.

Many such schemes fail for want of backing, but too many of them succeed by means of the support they get from sound and reputable bankers in New York, Boston, and other financial centres. Without such aid, which is given for the purpose of imparting a temporary buoy-

ancy to the bogus securities, the stock and bonds would never get a footing in the market; and when one banking house in the Street has taken \$2,000,000, and another \$1,000,000, of an issue of first mortgage railway bonds at 90 cents, the news spreads and investors soon absorb the entire series at 95 cents or par; the bankers unloading upon the market with a neat profit of \$150,000 within a few weeks. It is a rare thing for one of these banks to turn up as a holder of these bonds when the pinch of a foreclosure begins. The buyers put their bonds in the Safety Deposit vaults, counting upon making semi-annual visits for the purpose of cutting and cashing their coupons. The coupons are paid, and the price of the bonds goes up or stays up until all things are ready for a new deal. Then comes a short crop, a rate war, bad management, or some juggling with the books, and a default occurs. The bondholders are stampeded, the securities "slump" and are bought in for a song by the same old gang or a new gang; and then come the foreclosure, the receiver, the sale, reorganization, issue of new securities to be ground through the mills of the Wall-Street gods as before.

This trick of deliberately putting a foreclosure suit, receivership, and sale into the belly of a new corporation ought to be disreputable. It is said in extenuation that the promoters of such schemes are deluded into the belief that the earning power of the company and its future prospects justify these over-issues of wild-cat bonds and stocks. To allow this plea involves a stultification of their character for sagacity, and would be taken by them as a gross insult.

I have heard the stories of some of the victims, and they are pathetic. I recall one instance which may stand for others. A road was built in Indiana upon the plan I have above indicated, and the securities were floated in the usual way. There was an over-issue of first mortgage bonds, and then a second mortgage, with the usual accompaniment of worthless stock. The columns of religious papers published in the East were used to advertise the securities, which may have been proper enough according to the counting-room ethics of even a religious journal. But the news columns were occupied with letters from pious people who volunteered information to the effect that this road was prosperous, had a fine future, and that the first mortgage bonds were dirt cheap at 98 cents. To meet the wants of small investors, bonds were issued of the denominations of \$100 and \$500. By dint of puffing and advertising, the whole issue was absorbed. School teachers, preachers, decayed men of business who had retired to the rural districts invested their meagre savings in them. So long as bonds could be sold the interest instalments were paid and the market was bolstered up. But the inevitable default came at last, with its receiver, foreclosure, and sale. The net upshot of the venture was a distribu-

tion of the proceeds of sale amongst the bondholders, who got three per cent, or \$30 for each \$1,000 bond.

Something like this has happened in other States. I am glad to know, however, that such enterprises are not regarded with the favor they once received from Eastern capitalists. In former years, the man of the West would devise the scheme and proceed to New York or Boston on the theory that the man in the East would put up dollars against his brains. Now I understand that it is expected that the projectors or promoters of such schemes are expected to put in the pot some money as well as brains.

What I have said about railway ventures applies with equal force to other speculative enterprises, — mines, trusts, and the like, — whose agents can always be found in the hotel lobbies and brokers' offices of New York, Boston, London, etc.

Having indicated the abuse, it may well be asked, How do you propose to correct it? I am not fool enough to suppose that I can suggest a radical remedy, but I have a suggestion to make which, if incorporated into proper legislation, will, in my judgment, go far to lessen the evil. Suppose the States from which the railway corporations derive their existence should enact laws prohibiting the issue and sale of bonds and stocks in excess of the intrinsic value of the property for which they stand. What honest purpose is to be subserved by issuing bonds and stocks to the amount of \$100,000 per mile upon property which at the very highest is not worth over \$20,000 per mile?

How will you get at the real value? it may be asked. Let there be an appraisalment by a State commission, that shall have power to fix the value and limit the issue of securities. To meet the contingencies of increase in value, which may occur by increased earning capacity, or extensions and betterments, there could be reappraisements at stated intervals. By some such method the practice now so common of flooding the market with stocks and bonds having no intrinsic value, but which are used solely for "chips" in the Wall-Street game, would be discouraged, to say the least.¹

I hear it said that it is useless to attempt to eradicate the gambling spirit, and some say that the stock exchange and the wheat pit and the

¹ Since writing this I have looked at the Texas statute, which is a move in the line of my suggestion. I give the provisions of section 2: "*Authority to issue bonds limited*: — Hereafter no bonds or other indebtedness shall be increased or issued or executed by any authority whatsoever, and secured by lien or mortgage on any railroad or part of railroad or the franchises or property appurtenant or belonging thereto, over or above the reasonable value of said railroad property. *Provided*, that in case of emergency, on conclusive proof shown by the company to the railroad commission that public interests or the preservation of the property demand it, the said commission may permit said bonds, together with the stock in the aggregate, to be executed to an amount not more than fifty per cent over the value of said property." — See Supplement to Sayles' "Texas Civil Statutes," 1885-1886, Art. 4156 a.

² The substance of my article was read before a club a year before the enactment of the Texas

bucket-shops are beneficent agencies, and that they do not deserve reprobation. Goethe even admonishes us that,

This and but this was the gospel alway,
Fools from their folly 'tis hopeless to stay.
Mules will be mules by the law of their mulishness,
Then be advised and leave fools to their foolishness.
What from an ass can be got but a bray?

This is pessimistic. The following is not wholly a fancy sketch. It was a day in New York when Jay Gould or some other financial leviathan was disporting himself in the troubled waters of the stock market, and all the smaller fry and minnows and vermin of the Street were greatly disturbed. Men and women, cabs and messenger boys were flying about helter-skelter in the wildest excitement. Just then the satirical rogue, the sexton in the belfry of old Trinity, struck up the chimes to the tune,

Come to Jesus — come to Jesus —
Come to Jesus just now.

Mrs. Shandy's question about winding the clock could not have been more inopportune. A herd of cattle stampeded by a New-Mexican thunderstorm is an orderly assemblage compared with that Wall-Street mob, and to me it was a most portentous sight.

There was a grotesque mixture of tragedy and farce one November day a few years ago. The bulls and bears were goring and baiting one another in grand style. Stocks and bonds and fortunes were tumbling at such a rate that chicken-hearted people thought the skies were falling. When the excitement was at the highest, Death in most unmannerly fashion entered the temple of Mammon and struck one of the gamblers down. The affrighted rascals decorously doffed their silk hats to the dark angel, formed a circle, and craned their necks about the body of their dead comrade, as you have seen a flock of barnyard fowls about a dead snake, — and in a few moments they were squealing like the Gadarene swine, and as surely possessed of devils as they.

THE ULTIMATE TRUST-CURE.

BY GORDON CLARK.

I SOW this article for seed. An absolutely scientific piece of mechanism is always of slow construction, and the best means of reaching any great end can hardly be applied in a day, or even during the administration of a single President. Let me say, then, at the start, that, for the time being, I am practically and politically in favor of any constitutional method of restraining, regulating, or crushing trusts that the welfare of the people may require. As I deal here with taxation, let me say, also, that I favor, for temporary purposes, an income tax, or anything else that will enable the masses of American citizens to recover any part of their property that has been filched from them by such "anarchists of wealth" as now conduct brigandage and piracy under the general head of monopoly. I will add that by far the greatest and most dangerous monopoly on earth, to-day, is the stupendous international Gold Trust, which, as the basis of an international Bank Trust, corners the whole natural heritage of mankind, with all the products of their industry and all the facilities of exchanging their possessions. Until this monopoly of monopolies, this trust of trusts, shall be overcome, all economic effort in other directions will be largely wasted. But, unless there is to be a lapse in civilization, the stupendous blunder of demonetizing silver must soon lead to remonetization, and then to scientific money, or else more directly still to this final achievement. But to scientific money I think it will be found necessary to prefix Scientific Taxation. In so simple a matter as Scientific Taxation, I believe, lies the ultimate cure of all monopolies on the one hand, and all the dangers of socialism on the other.

Taxation has always been sporadic and arbitrary, a different thing in different states and nations, and dependent on the wisdom, or on the follies, whims, and momentary interests, of rulers and legislators. But, if there is any right of taxation, any reason for it, some general principle must centre the whole subject, and render it capable of reduction, first to perfect ethics, and next to perfect method. What is this principle?

When the great Greek, Aristotle, founded and named the science of "economics," he saw, at the first glance of analysis, that all property rests on "natural wealth"—that natural wealth is the source and raw material of all human productions and possessions. In designating such wealth he summed it up as "the bounty of nature." What Aristotle,

the first political economist, called the bounty of nature, Henry George, in recent years, has inadequately termed "land."

Now, the bounty of nature—the earth, the water, the air—was not made by any man or stock company. God made it—and made it as the only means of sustaining his creatures made with it. So, necessarily and self-evidently, those creatures have a natural right in that gift. Or, as Thomas Jefferson said, "the earth belongs in usufruct to the living."

Henry George, especially in his remarkable book, "Progress and Poverty," has illustrated and elaborated this natural relation of man to matter—this bottom fact of political economy—from almost every conceivable aspect. I agree with Aristotle, with Mr. George, with Mill, Spencer, and the rest of the world's profound thinkers, in their finding. But here let me deny a bit. I deny it is merely a "theory." It is a *discovery*. It is a *law*—as much so as the law of gravitation.

In one sense, and a very practical one, there is no dissent from it. There is no form of government not basing its reason for existence on the claim of standing for the best common interests of the people governed. There is no system of political economy not basing the tenures to property—the laws, the practical ethics of the matter—on the same foundation. England distinctly asserts, at the present moment, through her most commonplace and conservative authorities, that her whole wealth belongs to her whole people; hence her right to call on every subject to defend it. She merely adds that the methods she sanctions and enforces for the distribution of wealth are the best she knows for the general welfare. We find all that, nowadays, filtered down into so general a receptacle as the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

The basic principle of ownership, too, is all in our American Declaration of Independence, and is there in the very best way. Our fathers declared that all men are "created equal," and are "endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights," among which are "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." But, as human life is absolutely dependent on its environment, and, as there can be no liberty, except to die, when this access is cut off, the pursuit of happiness necessarily includes the use and enjoyment of things implied in the word "ownership." Hence life, liberty, and *property* are the "equal rights of man," according to the full import of Jefferson.

But what is "equality"? When the founders of our republic declared, as the voice of the modern world, that "all men are created equal," it was not with the meaning that every man and woman can lift just five hundred pounds, the interpretation once put upon us by the dyspeptic stomach of Thomas Carlyle. Washington and Jefferson, Franklin and Paine, were too busy to split hairs with sophists and pettifoggers. All men stand "equal" in the "natural rights" of "life

and liberty," but no two men are precisely equal in the capacity to improve and enjoy those endowments. *That* is the American tenet, as every intelligent American understands it. And precisely the same thing is true of man's natural relation to property. All men are "equal" in the "natural right" of access to the world's wealth — the original bounty of nature, with the improvements that mankind as a whole have made upon their inalienable realty. But individual men can employ and improve that wealth only in accordance with individual capacity. In the *distribution* of wealth, therefore, under the natural relation of man to matter, all men are *not* unqualifiedly entitled to an *equal share* in property, but to an *equitable share*; and an equitable share is an equal share *according to ability, industry, and economy*.

There is the "Higher Law of Property."

Theoretically, even now this law is better recognized than may be generally supposed. We have found it infolded in our Declaration of Independence. "Scientific Socialism," so called, declares it, in demanding all capital for the commonwealth, and then "returns according to deeds" for individuals. Communism — or common wealth and distribution according to "needs" — comes indirectly to the same thing; for the one need of needs in developing the earth is the property-tools to do it: and it cannot be done unless these tools go with the capacity to use them. On the other hand, some of our hardest-headed business men have set up the higher law of property as their special creed. Some years ago, in a controversy with John Swinton, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, as the exponent of the Vanderbilts, took for his fundamental postulate the assertion that all men should be started in life with an equal chance for the accumulation of wealth, and should then be permitted to enjoy the fruits of different abilities and labors, unquestioned and unmolested. In 1886, that eminent stock-philosopher, the late Mr. Jay Gould, expressed the same sentiment, in laying down the requirements of integrity, honor, and justice, to the leader of the Knights of Labor. So the Constitutional fathers, the social philosophers, the dreamers, the "cranks," the financiers, and possibly some of the rascals, stand behind me for authority. It is hard for any of them not to accept what is simply the Golden Rule carried into economics. But who knows what to do with it? Besides, gentlemen like Mr. Depew entertain the great truth very superficially, and do not really wish to mean too much of what they say. And they have no conception that what they urge as a handy bit of economic piety, speciously advanced by the rich in self-defence, has been thought out into a complete and connected system. The work, however, has been done.

So far I have stated the logos of ownership only as ethics. I will convert it into mathematics.

The pivot on which this transformation turns is fixed, too, in nature. It is the fact of death. Fortunately men cannot take this world with them into the next. When they lie down in the grave, their stocks and bonds, their money and mortgages, go to other persons. The entire wealth of mankind reverts from one generation to another every fifty years, or according to the average death-rate.

It was not one of "the mistakes of Moses" to institute his "jubilee," with the general redistribution of Hebrew land, on the basis of half a century. That grand squaring of accounts and redivision for each generation, of what was then the great part of all wealth, shows that the duration of human life was about the same, four thousand years ago, as we find it in our tables of mortality to-day. By their "jubilee" the children of Israel attempted to equalize natural wealth among all the people, but to leave the products of labor in the hands that sowed and reaped them. What an ancient barbarous people did by "the rule of thumb," a modern civilized people can do by the rule of three.

It is a fact, then, established by nature itself, that the world's wealth, or a nation's wealth, is simply a reversion, extending substantially through fifty years. But if the whole wealth of every generation is constantly reverting to the next on the average of fifty years, just one-fiftieth of all wealth is constantly reverting in one year. This one-fiftieth is two per cent. Is it not perfectly clear, therefore, that an annual tax of two per cent, *on the full value of all property*, collected by society, and expended for the common good of society, would exactly achieve the people's common right in wealth? Such a tax would, now and forever, withdraw and separate from the property of any nation, or of all the world, the natural, moral, mathematical share belonging to the inhabitants of that nation, or of all nations. It would effect complete democracy of ownership. It would give, with each and every year, to each and every child born under the system, a precisely equal part and lot in all the opportunities and advantages of life.

We are now in the field of *Scientific Taxation*. If "the bounty of nature" is "the common estate of mankind," society, as a whole, has the right to its own. But the common estate is nature's investment, not for one generation, but for all generations. Hence each generation is entitled, as Jefferson perceived, not to the estate itself, but to the "usufruct" of it. I have shown how this usufruct can be definitely collected, through a yearly tax on all assets corresponding to a nation's death-rate. The revenue of this "death-rate tax" has been termed "Natural Rent." It would be a perpetual ground-rent on all property, due to a whole people as a common fund, for the proportional use, by individuals, of the common heritage. Here we see at once the

general right of taxation, which has been asserted and accepted by all nations. But the whole subject is reduced to principle and system.

My friend, Henry George, as I have said, has laid down in detail the law that nature's bounty is a common estate. But, from this postulate — absolutely true — he has drawn the vitally erroneous conclusion that raw land should bear all taxation, and that improvements on it, as the fruits of labor, should go untaxed. But the bounty of nature, to which Mr. George has given the cramped definition of "land," is not merely to be found in farms and building sites, but has gone, since the beginning of time, into houses and ships, and all the handiwork of mankind, as the raw material out of which their productions are made. Yet all *this* "land," all *this* "natural wealth," all *this* raw material, worked up, Mr. George would exempt from taxation. He would not tax a lump of gold, because labor has picked it up and washed it. He would tax the hole out of which it was dug.

But, following Jefferson, I have pointed out that, if natural wealth is the common wealth of mankind, it belongs, not to one generation, but to all generations. The *unborn* have their *equal rights reserved in it*. Hence the common title is *inalienable* and *indefeasible*. No part of the general heritage can rightfully be turned over to individuals *except while they live*. Thus the world's entire wealth, both natural and improved, is the common capital of every generation.

In the same breath, however, I admit the whole claim of both the most advanced and the most conservative political economists, that society has no right to confiscate individual improvements upon the common estate of nature's bounty. The fruits of a man's labor are his own — or, say rather, *the full value* of them. But society, as the sovereign owner of all property, has, even to-day, the acknowledged right of "eminent domain" in it. The property can be taken for just compensation. There is no need, however, of taking it at all if the people's constant right in wealth — their usufruct, or rent — is annually deducted from all distributed property. In that case, both the common capital and the individual improvements on it can remain with the holders, and their *property itself* will be nothing more nor less than the *true compensation for their work on it*.

The logical and mathematical sequence, of man's common right to nature's bounty, is of such vast importance that I may be pardoned for repeating the demonstration in a sort of kindergarten illustration.

Under the higher law of ownership, society — the United States — say Mrs. Columbia — says to one of her citizens, Mr. Toilson: "Here is my farm — my lands, forests, mines, and water-powers — my whole people's natural wealth. Take a piece of it, to be worked up to the best advantage; for that is the end, I am told, of holding property.

Now, I expect you to have your living, according to the general right of all my sons and daughters, out of that segment of my common stock and your work on it. Consume what is fair. I let you have your slice of my estate for that purpose. But you take it, you know, *to use for life*. I cannot dispose of it out and out, for my great-grandchildren will need it just as much as you do. So I lease you an outfit. When you get through with it, I will take my pay in the improvements you leave on the original realty. That, you know, must certainly revert to future generations."

"True, Mrs. Columbia," replies Toilson. "Your proposition seems just and necessary. But, pardon me, I think it can be improved. You leave me too much discretion in my expenditures — my consumption. Then why should your other citizens wait till I am dead *before I pay back anything*? Let me take my piece of your common capital and go to work on it. I shall want it fifty years — that is, for a lifetime. But next year, at this date, let me drop in and hand you currency for one-fiftieth of what I am then worth. Let me do the same thing every year. Then, at the end of fifty years, instead of taking away my land and improvements — my capital and additions — which will be paid for in full — let the holding, as it stands, go to my boys and girls, *under the same condition I had it*. You perceive, Mrs. Columbia, that the whole average value of my estate — all the property I can ever hold — will revert to you, for equal distribution to future generations, just the same as though you should revoke all wills and appropriate all legacies. The only difference will be that you will give to my heirs the benefit that may arise, not from any monopoly of *your capital*, but from any possible superiority (beyond the average) of *my labor and economy*."

It is supposed that Mrs. Columbia will see the point of Toilson's plea as soon as she carefully thinks it over. But, in any case, the abolition of present arbitrary and unfounded tax-levies — all of them — and the establishment of a strictly *ad-valorem* tax on property, in accordance with the average death-rate, would annually, constantly, and forever, collect a people's true "land-rent" from the distributed possessions of their nation.

But here rises the question, what is to be done with the common fund? How is it to be expended, or redistributed, for the common good?

Its being a *common* fund implies and settles, at the outset, that it is not to be directly and equally lumped out to individuals, that idlers and spendthrifts may squander it. It belongs to no one in that way. The first legitimate use of any common public fund is to pay the expenses of a government. The next use for it is to secure common advantages for the whole people.

Suppose the property of a nation were worth fifty billions of dollars. Then the people, as a whole, would be entitled to just one thousand millions of it, annually. This would be the amount of their birth-right, death-rate tax — their natural rent for the common estate. In round numbers, the yearly expenses of a modern government, administered with strict economy, may be set down at one per cent of a nation's property. In a nation, therefore, with property of fifty billions, the common fund, after paying government expenses, would be five hundred millions of dollars.

The death-rate tax would of course be largely collected from the rich — a poor man, worth a thousand dollars, paying twenty dollars; a rich man, worth a million dollars, paying twenty thousand dollars. The expenditure of the surplus fund — the one per cent of the tax, or whatever part it might be — would necessarily take the form of furnishing employment to citizens without capital, as an equivalent for their direct equal share in the capital of their generation. For property, as we have seen, must always go out into private hands *unequally*, that those best able to increase its value — for the community as well as themselves — can take as much as they can make the most of. I cannot elaborate this point in the limits of the present article. I will merely state the fact, capable of mathematical demonstration, that the distribution of the death-rate tax, first for government expenses, next in wages for work at normal market rates, will constantly restore the equilibrium between the rich and the poor in the just holdings of wealth. And what kind of work is done by those employed would be of no consequence, so it should pay for itself in the production of new and actual wealth. But while society's common capital is monopolized by the few, with no offset for the many, there is no such thing as what is called "competition." The word is a sham.

It ought to be seen, at a time like the present, that while the economic contention here advanced is radical to the core, it is at the same time as truly conservative. The whole claim may be summed up as nothing but *scientific taxation*, with *scientific redistribution*.

It is said that socialism is making rapid progress in the world. Very likely. Socialists are the world's new enthusiasts. Their reform is a religion to them. But they are *wrong*, though not so much in their fundamental principles as in the proposed application of them through the "nationalization of wealth." Thomas Jefferson still stands for a good deal more wisdom than Karl Marx. I maintain that, comprehensively viewed, the tenures to property have grown up through the ages as naturally as accretions of coral. They represent the necessities, the common sense, and the common *consent* of ages and nations. And the most of these institutions are in themselves *right*. In our confusion, we

do not see how to "evolute," as Mr. George Francis Train used to put it — how to bring old substances into new forms. Private ownership, bequest and inheritance, money, rent, interest, are all perfectly well founded in the very structural relations of man to matter. But society as a whole is always the sovereign landlord and capitalist, and owns a definite share of all wealth. This share is the people's *absolute right*.

Now there can be no doubt that, if the American people to-day should assert their birthright, and should hereafter place themselves annually in possession of a tax-fund sufficient not only for all their public expenses, but to give them a yearly surplus of several hundred millions of dollars, they could either reduce every trust and every monopoly in the land to an honest business, or break it utterly. They would simply have the capital to do it. They could build a railroad, set up a sugar refinery, organize a beef market, form a coal, or gas, or oil enterprise, in competition with which no other could exist. What would be the immediate result? Every extortionate monopoly would turn, for self-protection, into a legitimate and beneficent industry, serving the public for fair profits.

The true principle of ownership shows how unnecessary and foolish is any talk of violence, revolution, or anarchy — especially in our American republic — for a new distribution of wealth. True, we have no end of thieves — individual and corporate — who have stolen from each other and stolen from us. But as for the rascals who have *robbed the people*, their stolen goods are just as valuable *to tax* as any others. And the death-rate tax will give to society *all it owns*, and all it *ought to have* in wealth, to-day, next year, and for all time, however that wealth may happen to be distributed. In case of war, or other extreme exigency, further taxation would be temporary, and would be a uniform levy on assets.

A few years ago there was much discussion in England, Ireland, and America, in regard to land-monopoly. Suppose the people's natural rent were put on all land — vacant and improved — two per cent of its full value, say at public auction. How long would land be "monopolized" and held on speculation?

Apply the death-rate tax to banks — to every dollar of their circulation not a government issue. How piously the "bullion-mongers," as Thaddeus Stevens used to call them, would invoke the shade of that glorious greenback saint to forgive their sins and lead them to salvation.

The tariff — well, there would be no tariff for *revenue*. The people's annual tax would furnish the revenue, as direct taxation always ought to have furnished it, and as the founders of our government would have provided at first, if they had not been obliged to compro-

mise with any number of evils, as well as chattel slavery. If, for national self-protection, it were necessary to foster any special industries, they might be conducted by the government, for, while there is no need to nationalize property, and no right justifying it, there are certain kinds of business, like transportation, that may best be socialistic. But, without socialism, scientific taxation and redistribution can easily achieve *universal coöperation*.

In the space allotted to this brief paper, I cannot anticipate my friends who may question "the higher law of property," and especially the application of it. But their chief question I have found to be: "How can you collect a direct tax on all assets?"

I answer that every man holds property, not only under society as the sovereign proprietor, but as even the policeman who protects him in his holdings. He must himself render a yearly account of his belongings to the head of the concern, — the government, — and that is all there is of it. It must be understood that a tax-dodger is the worst of criminals — whose acts lead to the injury, the impoverishment, the death, of his betters. I am not sure that his crime should be punished with the gallows, but I would certainly meet a false list of his possessions with confiscation of them. But after a little experience in any right thing, details always take care of themselves.

HOW TO REFORM THE PRIMARY-ELECTION SYSTEM.

(WITH PARTICULAR REFERENCE TO REFORMS IN
OPERATION OR PROPOSED.)

BY EDWARD INSLEY.

THE genius of free government is the rule of the majority. An oligarchy is not a free government. Nor is that government really free which is ruled first by one, then by another oligarchy, even when the choice between the two is made by an otherwise unrestricted majority.

The self-constituted machines which control the political parties of this nation are so many oligarchies. The majority of the voters at the polls choose between a Bonapartist and a Bourbon. A Louis is overthrown, and a Napoleon takes his place. The majority rule within these limitations — they may make a choice occasionally between masters.

This, in a general way, is the political situation of the entire country, but more particularly is it true of the great cities, the centres of political machinations, of political organizations, or "machines," and of political skullduggery. As the nation has become older and larger, the influence of the city vote has increased, until now it dominates State and National legislatures. While the small towns and the agricultural districts are not free entirely from the malign influence of bossism, it has not as yet taken them by the throat and robbed them of their rights, openly and boldly, with the same uniform success.

"We will give you the right to vote, and even to have your vote counted, but we insist upon controlling and manipulating your caucuses and primaries," is the revised creed of the bosses. The concession of an honest ballot was wrung from the bosses almost by threat of revolution. Having gained this much, our consciences and patriotism have taken a rest, and meekly as mediæval peasants we vote for Tweedle Dee or Tweedle Dum, after our masters have chosen these puppets for the occasion. This is the present state of the experiment in free government which was baptized in patriots' blood over a century ago, and which the rest of the world has been watching since with cynical pessimism.

We allow ourselves to be oppressed by an impersonal, irresponsible, extra-legal body, without conscience and without remorse. It rules caucuses, names delegates, appoints committees, dominates the councils of the party, dictates, nominates, makes platforms, dispenses patronage, controls State legislatures, stifles opposition, punishes independence, and elects United States Senators.¹

¹ Congressman La Follette of Wisconsin, at Chicago University, Feb. 22, 1897.

All this in the name of the people whose rights it usurps.

It is with an abiding faith in the permanency and ultimate triumph of free institutions that this present picture of present corruption in the body politic, and the diversion of its most sacred rights from the true principles of democracy, is drawn. In the darkest hour of this domination of political oligarchies, and of the commercial trusts which pay them license, hope shines brightest. For the revolution is near at hand. It began really a few years ago in an attack upon the outposts. Civil-service reform and the Australian ballot were battles nobly fought and won. But the enemy has been driven back, not conquered, and he remains intrenched behind the redoubts of King Caucus. "Brace" primaries defy the assaults of the reform army, and defend the citadel of political corruption.

It is not sufficient that the political boss shall be denied the privilege of arranging and counting the votes. That was his most delightful occupation; but he still finds steady and remunerative employment where he is allowed to name the candidates.¹

It is a mild use of hyperbole to say that in a primary-election district casting one hundred votes the local boss will be content if he is given—as he always is—the three or five judges and clerks; the other ninety-five voters may cast their votes for A, and the returning board of the bosses will count in B. The converse of the proposition is the exception.

"Only four years ago," says John E. Milholland in the January *North American Review*, "in the downtown and water-front districts of New York, the Republican vote was as relentlessly and defiantly suppressed as it still is in Mississippi and Louisiana. In some election districts not one Republican vote would appear in the returns. So reckless did the violators of the law become at last that even the ballots of the Republican election inspectors were omitted from the sworn returns sent to police headquarters."

What was true only four years ago of elections, is true still of primaries. Dishonesty knows no party, and it is well to remember that these Democratic frauds were winked at and made possible largely by the connivance of the oligarchy then and now in control of the Republican party in New York.

"Much of the evil formerly incidental to election day," says Mr. Milholland, a practical politician, "has been transmitted to the primaries. The vicious practices no longer possible at the polls are now employed in the caucus and nominating convention with an energy unparalleled in the past."

So the reform of the ballot itself has contributed to the further defilement of the fountain head of free government.

"It is a sad confession to make," he continues, "that after all the efforts expended to purify the primaries in most of the large cities of the country, they are to-day more dangerously corrupt than ever in their history."

¹ "Municipal Reform in the United States," p. 51.

I have quoted rather freely from this article, for it expresses prevailing conditions accurately and clearly. But while agreeing with its statements of conditions, I must dissent emphatically from the conclusions drawn as to the proper remedy. Of the number of monographs on the subject which have obtained general circulation, only two or three propose plans for reforming the evils complained of. Mr. Milholland has heard of the Kentucky law — without studying it in practice apparently — and he indorses it enthusiastically as the embodiment of the ideal primary-election system. The ideal primary-election law does not exist, and the Kentucky law is far from being a satisfactory solution of the problem.

A more recent contribution to the magazine literature of primary-election reform is the article by E. L. Godkin in the April *Atlantic*. It is an admirable statement of conditions and of the development of the primary from the earlier caucus. But Mr. Godkin inquires, "Is the situation then hopeless?" and trusts that it is not. I will not transgress upon the ground which the editor of the *Nation* has covered so fully, but will endeavor to find an answer to his question.¹

SOME IMPRACTICABLE PROPOSALS FOR REFORM.

A suggestion for the reform of the primary advanced by M. Sulzberger in the *Penn Monthly* over fifteen years ago, was appropriated and indorsed some years later by David Dudley Field. The proposition was to hold the primaries coincident with elections. At some one election each year there could be set in motion primary-election machinery which would grind out delegates for all the conventions of the succeeding year. Ten delegates of each party to a primary district was suggested. In Chicago this would mean a delegate body of 11,000 for each party.² The delegates were to meet in ward or assembly-district convention, nominate Alderman or Assemblymen direct, and choose a lesser number from their body to represent the electors in town, city, Congressional, or State conventions. The vital principle of the plan was the impracticability of corrupting or controlling by vicious manipulation so large a delegate body, representing as it would fully ten if not twenty per cent of the voters.

The natural prejudice which would develop against choosing any delegate body a year ahead of possible political emergencies is too great to permit even of qualified indorsement of the scheme outlined, although it has undeniable attractions.

¹ A common sophism, of which I will acquit Mr. Godkin, is the argument that you must reform the voter before you reform the primary. This is the view taken by Senator Dallinger in the last volume of the "Harvard Historical Studies." Without waiting for the millennium, why not reform the system by law, not by suasion, and give the voter a chance to show that perhaps it is not he, so much, who needs reforming?

² Essentially a legalized Tammany.

An ingenious and elaborate primary-election plan was outlined years ago in a monograph by Daniel S. Remsen.¹ Its foundation is the familiar idea of abolishing the delegate convention and letting the voter indicate at the primary a first, second, third choice, etc., and by an intricate clearing-house returning-board, trying to arrive at the most satisfactory result. Its weakness lies in its lack of simplicity. Experience with the Australian ballot has shown us that it is hard to teach the mass of the voters to master a comparatively simple proposition. A resort to the one-two-three plan, with an arithmetical or geometrical returning-board, would lead to dissatisfaction and suspicion, even if conducted under absolutely honest and intelligent supervision.

The chief merit of the plan of Dr. Clarke, of Oswego, which has been urged upon various legislatures, was the promise of overcoming the indolence of voters, and providing against manipulation, by a species of lottery. He proposed to divide the voters into small constituencies, these to select delegates by lot, and the delegates to choose a Mayor or other officers. It is safe to say that despite the evils which have grown up under our system of free government, we are not ready to confess its utter failure by resorting to the chance of lottery in choosing our public officers.

During the preparation of a bill to be introduced in the Illinois legislature under the auspices of the reform societies of Chicago, the writer advocated the holding of the primaries coincident with the first of two days of registration preceding elections. The main idea of this proposition was to avoid additional expenses and thus make it easier to secure the reforms desired. The mere act of voting at the primary was to constitute a re-registration for the voter. Incidentally, it was hoped to bring out a fuller vote at the primary by this method than by any other that might be proposed. The Election Commissioners and others present at conferences on the bill advanced objections against this plan based on alleged difficulties which might arise through the conjunction of primary and registration. Without attempting to elaborate the idea any further at this time, it is sufficient to say that the opposition to it was sufficient *per se* to demonstrate its impracticability.

ABORTIVE LEGISLATION

Over one-half the States in the Union have adopted laws intended to control primary elections. Only two of these laws are worth serious attention, those of Kentucky and Missouri. They are the only ones which interfere, even partly, with machine control of the primaries. The Kentucky law does this by a scheme of direct nomination at the primary; the Missouri law by taking the naming of the judges and

¹ "Primary Elections," p. 107.

clerks away from the bosses. The rest of these laws are sham reforms. They have accomplished little or nothing, and are valuable only to teach us what to avoid.

Mr. Milholland, in his *North American Review* article, "discovered" the Kentucky law last January, although it is one of the pioneers in the line of primary-election reform legislation. The Kentucky law was heralded by him as a new thing, as the hope of the nation, and was recommended for general adoption. As a matter of fact the Kentucky law dates back to 1879-1880, while nearly all other primary-election laws were passed in the period of 1887 to 1892, immediately following or coincident with the success of the agitation for the Australian ballot. These subsequent laws have avoided the Kentucky plan, which provides for direct nomination at the primary, without a delegate convention.

The best feature — and not a universal one — of primary-election laws now in operation is the limitation of the franchise at the primary to the registration list. Even this wise provision is negated by unblushing frauds. For purposes of identification California has a registration law similar to the Bertillon police system. Not only are the name and residence made a matter of record, but the voter's height, weight, color of eyes, beard, and other extraneous characteristics are noted. The ordinary registration provides no such safeguard against fraud; and in the big cities, where a number of election precincts are gerrymandered into a single primary district, with venal judges and a complaisant police, fraudulent voters are counted by droves at the primaries under other men's names.

The prevailing type of primary-election law is like that which exists in Illinois, "under which there never has been a conviction, and even only one indictment which held water. It was framed by politicians to quiet public clamor, and contains a thousand loopholes for evading its ostensible penalties."¹

The Missouri law — applicable to St. Louis — was an experiment in a new direction. It provides for holding primaries under the supervision of the regular election machinery, with regular judges and clerks, and with the safeguards of the regular election law. A decision of the Illinois Supreme Court antecedent to the adoption of this law, set forth the self-evident proposition that the regular election judges and clerks could not be compelled to serve at primaries unless they were paid. Where was the money to come from? The Missouri law meets the emergency by requiring the party organization to deposit with the Recorder of Voters a sum sufficient to cover this expense. The law purports to be mandatory upon parties casting twenty-five per cent of the total vote, Republican and Democratic, but no party need call its

¹ *Chicago Tribune*, January, 1897.

primaries under this expensive plan unless it so desires, for there is no way to compel a party to put up this sum of money. Machines are not fond of contributing funds to reform movements to accomplish, perhaps, their own overthrow. Hence the Missouri law practically is inoperative.

The much lauded Kentucky law is a failure partly because it is not mandatory, and also because it is founded upon the impracticable system of nomination by direct vote.¹ It was passed by a Democratic legislature and has been used by the Democratic party to nominate its local candidates. The Republican party in the State virtually has ignored it.

Direct nomination at the primaries, where there are more than two candidates, — as there are usually in a free-for-all race, — has never given satisfaction.

When a plurality nominates, it enables a minority of the party to contest a majority. Minority nominations should be avoided. The voter casts his ballot in the dark without knowing what the reasonable probability is. In delegate convention selected under the law, enough of the future can be foreseen to guard against weak nominations. The paramount purpose is to let a majority control.²

This is the situation in a nutshell. The paramount purpose should be to obtain majority control.

Also, party success frequently depends upon geographical considerations, and certain natural divisions of the party. "Such questions of policy cannot be given their accustomed weight where the nominations are made by direct vote of the people."³

The party machine, with its secret caucus, effective organization, and well-developed plans of action, is able to control these direct nominations with the utmost ease. Thus the party begins the campaign by first stirring up dissension and strife within its own ranks, and producing the conditions leading to discontent, lukewarmness, and open desertion. How much better to choose responsible delegates under the safeguards of mandatory supervision by the regular election officials, and let the few fight it out, — for there must be a fight, — and have it all over, without necessarily embroiling the whole party, to its lasting damage !

It may as well be admitted with good grace that the idea of removing completely the "machine" from politics is impracticable. There must be organization within the party ; but this central power should be the servant, not the self-perpetuating master of the party and of

¹ Under the best auspices, direct nomination works well only in local affairs. Imagine nominating a President this way ! Even in local affairs it falls far short, in my opinion, of being satisfactory.

² L. V. Sherman, to the Chicago Merchants' Club, March 6, 1897.

³ Remsen, "Primary Elections."

the people. The primary election also is an essential feature of our institutions. But the delegates to conventions should be chosen at primaries regulated by law, providing for absolute secrecy and security, and insuring the completest expression of the will of the majority.

THE PRACTICAL REMEDY.

An efficient primary-election law must be mandatory. It must recognize political parties as quasi-public institutions, and deal with them as it does with boards of trade, building and loan societies, and corporations in general. The members of a political party have the same right to a voice in its management as have the stockholders in a railroad. The authority of the law should address itself to securing these rights, and protecting the individual members against fraud.

Municipal, county, or State control of primaries involves an increased public expenditure. If the primaries are to be held under the direct supervision of public officers, these officers must be paid out of the public treasury. It is impracticable to try to force political parties to deposit the money necessary for the purpose. There is no logical reason why the public should not meet the expenses of this public function as it does the expenses of the subsequent election.

The right of every citizen to affiliate with whatever party he may choose must be guaranteed, and his right to participate in the primaries of his party, and have his vote counted as cast, must be protected. An efficient registration law is the proper basis for determining party delinication. At the regular registration — as already provided in Kentucky — the voter should have the privilege of indicating which party he desires to affiliate with, and only those who have in such manner identified themselves with one party or another should be eligible to vote at the primaries of the party.

Primaries of all parties should be held upon an arbitrary date — a certain time previous to each election. All should be held together — a single polling-place for the primaries of all parties in each precinct — and under the supervision of one set of officials. The County Judge or other officer may indicate the distinctive color of ticket to be used by each party, and no one who has not previously registered his affiliation with a certain party should be permitted to vote the ticket of the color selected for that party. In the counting of the votes, all ballots not conforming to this or other provisions would be illegal, and must be laid aside.

There should be a separate primary in each election precinct. The autonomy of the precinct should be preserved at the primary: first, for the convenience of the voter; second, in order that the largest pos-

sible attendance be secured; third, so that the voter may choose his neighbor as delegate, and hold him responsible; fourth, to prevent the common fraud of gerrymandering.

No alternates should be elected.¹ It is a usual subterfuge to head a delegate ticket with the name of a man of known probity, and perhaps fill out the list with men of this character, when it is certain these men will not serve, and that unknown "alternates," or proxies, subservient to the bosses, will sit in the convention.

Certificates of election should be issued by the precinct judges to the person or persons receiving the highest number of votes, these certificates to be *primâ-facie* evidence of the qualifications of the delegates as members of the convention.

It would be a simple matter to compel political parties to hold their primaries under such a law. An amendment to existing statutes regulating elections could provide that the name of no candidate should appear on the ballot printed at public expense, unless he be nominated in accordance with the aforesaid primary law. All parties having cast two per cent of the vote at the last preceding election should be entitled to have distinctive colors allotted to them for the purposes of the primary election, by application of the regular party committee to the proper official. And unorganized voters, by petition of two per cent of the vote cast at the last preceding election, should be given the same standing as a regular party. Thus no party would be discriminated against except by its own volition. The prerogative of a citizen to vote at the election for whomever he might choose, of course, would not be infringed. He could not have his ticket printed at public expense, however, unless he conformed to the law regulating nominations.

The necessity for drastic penalties is one of the utmost importance in giving such a law its full measure of vitality. Fines and jail sentences have few terrors for the evil-doer, particularly the ruffian who has a political "pull." Violations of the provisions of the law should constitute felonies, with penalties at least as severe as provided by the election laws.

WHAT LEGISLATURES ARE DOING FOR THIS REFORM.

A bill embodying the features just proposed was framed under the auspices of the Civic Federation of Chicago² and presented to the Illinois legislature this spring, with the indorsement of all the reform societies and political clubs of the second city in the nation.

It was too much to expect all at once, however, from a machine-ridden political assembly. The original bill never saw daylight after

¹ In Philadelphia the Republicans forbid proxies.

² The credit for the authorship of the bill belongs justly to Mr. G. F. Rush, with whom the writer had some differences of opinion during its preparation, but in regard to minor features only.

its introduction. The delegations which went to Springfield to boost it along were given respectful hearing, but were told firmly and flatly that no Reform (with a big capital R) which would surely deprive the bosses of their livelihood could get through the legislature. Finally, a compromise bill was agreed upon which preserved many of the good features of the original plan, but fell far short of what was desired.

The compromise bill seems likely at this writing to become law. As an experiment in primary-election reform it will be the most interesting so far attempted, and if successful it will give shape and a clearly defined direction to future legislation. The control of the primary machinery will be wrested from the bosses. The law will be mandatory. The regular election judges and clerks will officiate at the primary, be paid out of the public treasury, and answer to the Election Board and the County Judge for their behavior. The credentials committee, that source of common and glaring frauds in conventions, is virtually abolished by the proposed law, for the right to sit in the convention is determined solely by the possession of delegate certificates issued by the officers of the primary, under seal of law; and any attempt to deprive a person lawfully presenting such certificate of the right to sit in the convention and participate in its deliberations is declared a felony.

Primaries of different parties are to be held on separate days instead of together. This was distinctly a concession to the politicians. There are to be two a year for each party, on arbitrary dates, before the spring and fall elections. Only those parties which have cast ten per cent of the vote at the last preceding election are to be entitled to the benefit of the law. This is intended to shut out all except the Republican and Democratic parties. Populists and other third or minor parties must continue to name their candidates in the old way. The reason alleged for this concession was the necessity of economizing after knocking out the general primary day and giving a separate one to each party. Otherwise the compromise plan would have proved too expensive. The same argument militated to destroy the autonomy of the precinct, the compromise bill providing for the consolidation of from two to four precincts in one primary district. By shutting out the Populists and other minor parties, and resorting to the old system of consolidating a number of precincts in one primary district, it is possible to obtain separate primaries for the Republicans and Democrats at practically the same expense which would have been involved by a general primary day for all parties with a voting-place in each precinct.

Unfortunately the concessions did not stop here. So much opposition developed to the idea of registration of party affiliation that this part of the original bill was eliminated. The registration of party

affiliation I regard as the best feature of the Kentucky law—its one successful feature. The Illinois politicians fought it savagely. They said it would be regarded by the workingmen, who claimed to have been coerced into voting for McKinley, as a scheme to keep their employers informed as to their politics. The gold Democrats also opposed it. There was nothing in the proposed law to compel a voter to designate his party, and certainly it is axiomatic that no one has a right to a voice in the party government who for any reason does not care, or even does not dare, to declare his party affiliation.¹ But the opposition to this provision was successful. This leaves it possible still for Democrats to vote at Republican primaries, and *vice versa*. All that is necessary is to get another man to swear in the vote. The man who swears it in can have no actual knowledge as to how the voter marked his ballot in the privacy of the Australian booth at the last preceding election, and the Democrat or Republican who chooses to commit perjury in order to help out the local boss of another party has entire immunity in doing so. Conviction is utterly impossible. This swearing-in feature of the primary is the most prolific source of fraud as well as the safest; hence the most dangerous. The politicians knew what they were about when they insisted upon this last concession—to “public sentiment,” they said, but in reality to save their own bacon.

Senator Pavey, who has introduced a Primary Reform bill in the New York legislature, regards the registration of party affiliation as its most important feature. Speaking of his bill, the Senator says:

It is made the duty of the general committee of a political party to procure a certified copy of the list of names of electors whose affiliation with that party has been recorded or specially registered in the election district or districts contained in the political subdivision in and for which a primary is to be held. Such a certified list shall constitute the official roll of members of the party in such subdivision. Any person whose name is upon that roll may vote at the primaries of that party.

The plan fits any form of party organization. It does not violate the constitutional provision for secrecy in voting. It gives no plainer indications of the ticket an elector will vote than actual participation in party work does now. It fixes by law the status of each elector, so far as the question of his membership in a party is concerned. It defines his right to the franchise at a primary. Supplemented by other provisions for the protection of the actual exercise of the franchise, it must eradicate or materially reduce the present evils which bring party management into such disrepute.²

Senator Pavey's bill, however, falls far short of the merits of the Illinois bill in its other provisions.

¹ In Boston, Philadelphia, and New York, no person is permitted to vote in a Republican caucus unless his name is enrolled upon the ward committee list. The Party-Affiliation provision in the Kentucky law merely enacts into statute this recognized principle. Furthermore, it prevents the machine's ward committee from saying who shall or shall not be enrolled. It insures the participation of a larger number of voters in the primary, and protects the voter in his right to a voice in the affairs of his party.

² *Harper's Weekly*.

The Kentucky plan is followed also in the bill under consideration by the Wisconsin legislature, with this important difference, that it is made mandatory, and provides for only one primary a year. The bill was introduced by Representative Lewis, but is known as the La Follette plan, after ex-Congressman La Follette, who has devoted much attention to the subject.

It provides that hereafter there shall be no nominating conventions in the State, but that all persons who shall aspire to hold an elective public office shall be voted for directly at a primary election, to be held on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in September of every year. It recognizes political parties, and provides that the primaries of all parties shall be held on the same day, so as to prevent one party having the advantage of another. It also provides that all parties shall hold their primaries in the same booth in every election district. Anyone desiring to submit his name to be voted for as a candidate for nomination on the ticket of a party shall secure in his behalf the signing of a nomination paper. This nomination paper shall be signed by at least one per cent of the number of persons who voted with his party at the last preceding election, which number shall, in the case of a candidate for nomination for a State office, be not less than five hundred, if for Congress not less than three hundred, if for county or legislative offices not less than one hundred.

The one-primary-a-year idea embodied in this bill is defensible on only two grounds: first, its economy as compared with a primary before each election; and, second, the greater public interest which would be aroused, and the resultant large attendance at the primary. It is safe to say, however, that whatever its virtues, the one-primary-a-year idea will not prove acceptable to the people. The voters will object to choosing in September candidates for the spring election.

The most striking fact with which I have come in contact in pursuing this investigation has been the general lack of information on this important subject. Many who have written admirable monographs and magazine articles on the evils of the American primary-election system have stated conditions merely in a hopeless sort of way, without suggesting practical remedies or displaying an accurate knowledge of the sporadic yet important efforts now making in that direction.¹

Friends of good government rallied to the support of civil-service reform a few years ago and won a great victory. Reform of the primary is of far greater importance. There should be a national organization to collect information and statistics on this subject for the education of the people and of the lawmakers. Who will take the initiative?

¹ I must make an exception of Senator Wallinger, of Cambridge, Mass., who has published recently the only complete and practical treatise on the subject which I have seen.

RELIGIOUS TEACHING AND THE MORAL LIFE.

I. FIDELITY IN THE SOCIAL COMPACT.

BY JUDGE CHARLES R. GRANT.

OUR system of schools, supported by common taxation, is defensible only on the theory that a generally diffused education, at least in its fundamental parts, is essential to good citizenship and the conservation of the common weal. It proceeds upon the hypothesis that it is cheaper and better to employ teachers than to hire policemen, to equip schools than to arm soldiers, to build schoolhouses than infirmaries or prisons; and that so, at last, the people, upon whom the burden of taxation primarily falls, will come to their own again. Otherwise the entire scheme would be an unwarranted invasion of the domain of private right and an interference with the personal relation of parent and child. In view of the present attitude and temper of the public upon this question, and in the light of fairly ascertained results, the soundness of the theory can hardly be successfully attacked, and it is accordingly assumed that those who are charged with the correlative duty of executing this educational trust have only wisely to adapt the means so generously confided to them to the one end of the well-being of the state.

The universality of education among us is looked upon by our people as the one remedy for all the ills which can befall the body politic, as the unfailing safeguard against whatever evils may beset us, as the decisive circumstance which makes, and will continue to make, our government an exception to the republics which have gone before us and have perished. The century of our national existence, with its marvellous development, is appealed to, with a confidence apparently justified by results, — if indeed the latter can be linked to their assumed premise in the relation of cause and effect, — as an evidence that a pervasive education has been our safety hitherto, and as a prophecy of its abiding tutelage for the future. And so it is that we dismiss lightly all apprehensions of coming evil as pessimistic and unworthy of us; we reject the apparent teachings of history as having no lesson for a people whose birthright is the fruit of the tree of knowledge; and we resent all doubt of the wisdom or utility of our educational system as flying in the face of the central fact of our prosperity.

This wholesale sweep of optimism, bottomed upon a generally diffused information among the masses, seems to me to suggest some obvious limitations to its own usefulness. It postulates that the prob-

lem of self-government—by and for the people, and thus theoretically solvable solely by making rudimentary education a common possession—is, and is to be, surrounded by the same conditions which have environed it in the past. The hypothesis by no means squares with the case. To the fathers of a hundred years ago that problem was very simple; to us it is exceedingly complex. They were for the most part farmers. They had a virgin continent at their back. The resources of their country, although almost wholly undeveloped, were potentially wonderful. With them the conditions of life were neither high nor low, but surprisingly uniform, and they were strangers alike to affluence and to want, and also to the peculiar dangers and temptations of both. Legislation and immemorial custom encouraged the free alienation and interchange of land, and each man, being thus anchored to the soil by the close and certain tenure of personal ownership, had a stake in society and an interest in good government which was a guaranty of order. A jurisprudence reasonably symmetrical and wonderfully elastic was theirs by inheritance. While they were justly jealous of their rights, they were equally mindful of each reciprocal duty. Their system of education, both higher and lower,—in the college and in the district school,—at least in New England and at a time when New England was the germinating and sprouting seed-plot for the West, was essentially demo-theocratic. Strict morality was everywhere inculcated, but it was that morality which was referable to their one code of ethics—the Bible. The moulding and shaping power of the dominant church in educational matters, while mildly and unobtrusively exerted, was not for that reason any the less real; and the pastor of the parish—in the school as in the pulpit and at the town meeting—“taught as one having authority.” The tendency of the time and the environment of the people begat contentment, and contentment was the handmaid of an average thrift.

We of to-day face a condition very different from all this. Our then population has been multiplied by twenty. Agriculture, while retaining a respectable numerical following, is by no means the relatively dominant pursuit that it was a century ago. The desertion of rural life and the consequent crowding of urban pursuits have vastly complicated the most difficult governmental problem of our time—how to deal with our great cities. The rapid concentration of wealth in few hands and the aggregation of great private fortunes, characteristic of the years since the war, argues such an inequitable distribution of the output of industry as must justify discontent in time of plenty and create distress in time of scarcity. The following of politics as a distinct pursuit by sagacious and unscrupulous men at the head of organized cohorts of retainers, each armed with our theoretically om-

nipotent ballot, and disciplined through every gradation of political fealty and service, from the national committee to the lowest unit of the school district, or "block of five," has engendered a profound distrust in the godlike quality of the voice of the people as it finds expression on election day. Our great centres of population, — and hence of political influence, — whence are voiced and moulded the political thought and opinion of the country, are to-day controlled politically by the element which may not unfitly be characterized as the moral and political ignorance of Great Britain and continental Europe. With a nationality founded on the assumption of not only the right, but also — which is a far different thing — the capacity, not again of *some* men, but of *all* men, not indeed for government, but for *self*-government, which, still again, is quite another and more difficult matter, we are yearly absorbing into the mass of our voting and theoretically capable self-governing people myriads to whom this theory, carried into practice, is an utter stranger, and whose whole past has not only been no preparation for, but at cross-purposes with it. And whether our power of political digestion and assimilation is equal to our capacity for absorption may fairly be doubted.

The recent fierce competition created by throwing open to settlement a small strip of public land seems to suggest that our limit of comfortable expansion has been reached, and that, with free resort to cheap and fertile soil thus forbidden, the great corrective of otherwise frightful economic abuses will be taken away and the safety-valve for industrial discontents forever closed. Our constitutions and codes, admirably adapted to progress, have yet to demonstrate their power for conserving and staying the results of a century of energy. Our educational panacea is no longer compounded from the pharmacopœia of religion. The most formal and perfunctory devotional exercise in the public schools is denounced on the one hand as heretical and godless, and resented on the other as a relic of superstition. Each of these complaining parties has behind it many votes, and the school system, in addition to being the prey of politics, becomes the victim of religious rancor. Driven thus to hold a middle course, our educators seek to confine their labors to the domain of mere knowledge, to the acquisition of information as such, to the training of the head and the hand alone. It hardly needs the authority of Herbert Spencer to show that these ends, desirable in themselves, are not the prime objects of a true education, which, beginning in knowledge and culminating through culture in character, has its springs in a rightly instructed and directed moral sense, a quickened heart, and an undoubted allegiance to the universal regency of conscience.

This material trend of our educational forces is not less perilous

because it comports with the mercantile tendencies of the time, and is what a money-getting generation is pleased to call "practical" and "businesslike." Within well defined limits the mere hoarding of facts, the aggregating of concrete knowledge, and the nicest accuracy of technical training, without the compensating poise of correct moral notions, only fit their possessor to be a more efficient scoundrel than he could be without them.

Nor yet is the highest intelligence — no matter how generally diffused among those who mould and lead public opinion and popular movements — always, perhaps not often, a guaranty against the most atrocious and brutal crimes — crimes, too, not individual and isolated, but national and perpetrated in the name of the people and by the sanction of the omnipotent majority. The French Revolution of 1789 succeeded an intellectual revolution scarcely less marked, and all the knowledge bequeathed to France by Voltaire, and Rousseau, and Descartes, and the encyclopedists neither put off its coming, hastened its end, nor shortened the fearful scourge whereby it lashed to fury the worst passions known to man since the birth of the race.

The statistics of modern crime seem to show that those delinquencies which are most dangerous to the welfare of the state are not such brutal deeds as at first shock the moral sense of the community. They take the shape, rather, of embezzlements, malversations in office, peculations of various sorts, breaches of fiduciary relations, confidence operations, and, generally, what the late James Fisk, Jr., used to call "rescuing things out of somebody else." To knock a man down on the highway and rob him requires some courage, but the very violence of the act is in a manner a safeguard against its repetition. A successful swindle, on the other hand, needs trained and disciplined powers of mind, and to the many who can discern no broad landmark dividing the nebulous and ill-defined border-ground between business methods and stealing, the brilliancy of the achievement is positively alluring, and the moral obliquity of the transaction is lost sight of in the glare of its gentility.

Experience seems to show, also, that philosophic morality, or morality in the abstract, however beautifully expressed, or impressively inculcated, or oracularly taught, is of itself, and severed from all higher sanctions, in large measure inert to mould character and control conduct. Not to compare the theoretical morality of the Athenian philosophy of the age of Pericles with the morality of fact in the Greek everyday life of that time, it would be hard to find a loftier moral code or a more elevated plane of ideal life than was taught in Paris only a hundred years ago side by side with the orgies of the Revolution, and by the same philosophers who under the high altar of Notre Dame wor-

shipped a naked courtesan as the apotheosis of Reason. Within ear-shot of the atrocities of the Terror, in a speech to the assembled representatives of the people, Robespierre said: "The true temple of the Supreme Being is the universe; his worship virtue, his fetes the joy of a great people, gathered under his eyes to tighten the bonds of social affection, and present to him the homage of pure and grateful hearts"; and the Assembly solemnly decreed by a unanimous vote their recognition of the sentiment, thus uttered, of the soul's immortality, and the practice of the social virtues as the most worthy mode of worship. At the same time, eighty victims each day were marched out of the Conciergerie to the scaffold, and a universal reign of spoliation had obliterated in the minds of the people all perceptions of right and wrong.

It was a saying of Napoleon that, had there been no Rousseau, there had been no Revolution, and it is certain that the influence which that writer exerted in bringing on that vast upheaval of the body politic was most profound. His was in truth a diseased mind, and Mr. Lecky says of him, as another has said of Carlyle, that "he was the great alternative medicine of his time." But in his writings Rousseau bequeathed to his country very much that was pure and lofty in the domain of morals; and his sincere belief in the truths of natural religion cannot be doubted.

Voltaire was indeed the arch enemy of revelation, which he attacked with weapons drawn from every corner of his vast armory of intellectual resource; but he always insisted that religious belief is essential to the well-being of the state, that the difference between right and wrong is inherent and eternal, and that the choice of one or the other, with its consequences, is left free to every man; and when Condorcet and D'Alembert vented the bald atheism of their school at his table he responded by sending his servants from the room, saying he did not wish to be robbed and murdered in his own house—the natural outcome, as he conceived, of such teachings.

If the influence of Rousseau was potent among the *bourgeoisie* of the immediately pre-revolutionary epoch, so was that of Voltaire among the scholarly classes of the same time. Both sought to dissociate public morals from the religious sanctions with which they had been bound up. Had they but lived to see it, they would have been appalled at the result of their teachings. As the tie connecting morality and dogma was relaxed, both perished.

The history of that time has ever since been a storehouse of "doctrine and reproof" for the nations. Does it hold no lesson for us? In 1790 Edmund Burke published his "Reflections on the Revolution in France," in which the statesman spoke with the voice of prophecy. He said:

These enthusiasts do not scruple to avow their opinion, that a state can subsist without any religion better than with one, and that they are able to supply the place of any good which may be in it by a project of their own, — namely, by a sort of education they have imagined, founded in a knowledge of the physical wants of men, progressively carried to an enlightened self-interest, which, when well understood, they tell us, will identify with an interest more enlarged and public.

We are not strangers to language closely akin to this, uttered sometimes in high places and in support of a scheme of education wherein is assumed to lie the safety of the commonwealth. It will not be contended that I am producing a witness interested upon the footing of either nationality or faith, when I call Emilio Castelar in support of the position here taken. Said he in the constitutional assembly of Spain, in 1870 :

The French democracy has a glorious lineage of Ideas — the science of Descartes, the criticism of Voltaire, the pen of Rousseau, the monumental encyclopedia; the Anglo-Saxon democracy has for its only lineage a book of a primitive society — the Bible. The French democracy is the product of all modern philosophy, is the brilliant crystal condensed in the alembic of science; the Anglo-Saxon democracy is the product of a severe theology learned by the few Christian fugitives in the gloomy cities of Holland and of Switzerland, where the morose shade of Calvin still wanders. . . . Nevertheless, the French democracy, that legion of immortals, has passed like an orgie of the human spirit drunken with Ideas — like a Homeric battle, where all the combatants, crowned with laurels, have died on their chiselled shields; while the Anglo-Saxon democracy, that legion of workers, remains serene in its grandeur, forming the most dignified, most moral, most enlightened, and richest portion of the human race.

If this divorce of morals from religion and its sanctions had any considerable tendency toward overturning institutions long established, or uprooting a venerable state, shall it not be feared in a government to which the authority of age is unknown, which cares little for tradition, which is bottomed on the negation of prescription, and where a fast-growing increment of really unearned and confessedly irresponsible wealth is surely sweeping away the safety and security to be found in a well-to-do middle class?

Our people have a sufficient, perhaps an exaggerated, appreciation of their rights. It is not equally certain that they have a like sense of the correlated duties. We patronize Providence as long as Providence smiles upon us. We refuse to our children, in the plan of public instruction, all adequate teaching of obligation to Providence, of interpreting its undoubted dealings with men and nations through the ages, and of deducing thence the unwisdom and the danger of ignoring its lessons lest the example of the past of others shall be emphasized and repeated in our present.

We eagerly trim our sails to every breeze of material progress; and we neglect to stow the anchors which at some time will be needed to hold the headway gained. We know that the bulk of life is made

up of conduct; that conduct, to be of value to the state, must be obedient to law, both positive and moral; and that to obey implies self-control, disciplined, watchful, and docile. A rule of civil conduct which is not armed with appropriate and adequate sanctions, which is not clothed with the power to repress the mischief aimed at, to advance the remedy provided by itself, to redress the wrong done, to vindicate its offended majesty, to enforce its own decrees, and to administer the penalty annexed to their infraction, does not rise to the dignity of a law; it is, at best, advice or counsel which the subject of it may or may not follow, at his own choice but not at his own peril, and which of course he will not obey when self-interest competes with duty.

The facility with which states invent pretexts to escape international obligations and to violate engagements entered into with all the solemnities which can appeal to the public conscience, in cases where the only coercive remedy lies in the hazards of war; the readiness with which vast masses of voters fall in with any plausible scheme of legalized spoliation, when the sole vindication of right must come in the tardy rebuke of public opinion; and the willingness of some peoples to break faith with the public creditor, where the ultimate vengeance of the latter, when overreached and abused, is to be found in his long memory alone;—all these are evidences of the looseness with which the chains of duty bind men to right conduct, especially where the redress of the wrong done is indirect, remote, and contingent.

So a rule of moral conduct stripped of sanctions is not entitled to the name of law. Law does not invite approbation; it commands obedience.

It is no part of my contention that obedience to law always proceeds from fear of punishment. Such a conclusion would be far too narrow, and would confound the law-abiding with the law-breakers. Sir Henry Maine acutely observed that while the fit sanction follows, like its shadow, every positive law, the operating element of fear is generally absent when men come to obey its precepts, except among the criminal classes. He attributes this result to a law-obeying habit, springing in part from early teaching, partly from religious opinion, and to a considerable extent, perhaps, from an inherited acquiescence in the administration of law by states and their agencies through long periods of time. "Unfortunately," he adds, "it has been shown in our day that the mental habit, so far as regards positive civil and criminal law, may be easily destroyed by connivance at violations of rule; and this is some evidence of its having a long descent from penal law once sternly enforced."

If then the inheritable quality of obedience has its source in the penalty originally annexed to the rule itself, we are to be vigilant, not

only in cultivating the intermediate agencies through which it may come to us unimpaired, but also in remembering the primary sanction. Desuetude here would be far from innocuous. Plainly the law-loving habit can exist in full vigor only as the stringent test of the original standard is appealed to in each case of doubt, and back to this the subject must again and again be brought as duty and inclination clash.

Measured by these criteria, can moral law, under our policy of absolute non-intervention in matters of religious instruction, be inculcated usefully and efficiently in our public schools? We may distrust as profoundly as we will the breadth of the suffrage among us; we may tremble at its levelling tendencies. It is here to stay, and is part and parcel of us and our future. Our only resource is to guide it to wise and patriotic ends.

The plastic and formative stage of public opinion, when it can best be moulded to good impressions, is to be found long before it wields the ballot. To him who weighs the profound influence of national recollections upon national character, and who estimates the hold with which patriotism clings to tradition, it will not seem prudent to cast aside the warning of Washington's farewell to his countrymen, that morality abstracted from sound religious principles ceases to be a prop of the state. To the man who reflects that in our courts oaths are constantly taken and appealed to, which without the annexed sanctity of religious belief would be inert and valueless, but upon which depend life, liberty, and property, it must be apparent, I think, that our dearest interests are wrapped up in conserving that sanctity in its purity and usefulness, and thus strengthening the confidence of the people in human veracity, without which no wrong can be righted, no remedy furnished, no justice administered.

That this can be done at no time so well as in childhood and youth, and by no means so efficient as the quiet teachings of the common school, — that truest of republics, — where correct notions of duty are planted with the best chance of survival and of unforced application in every relation of life, seems certain. That the present is a time when a sense of responsibility to the Fountain of all authority and the Author of all government may be inculcated among the young of our country with propriety and hope of useful results in an increased reverence for law and respect for vested rights, can hardly be questioned.

Looking forward to much of what has since occurred in the way of breaking up the older forms of government and a greater participation of the people in their administration, and seeking to reconcile the oncoming rule of popular opinion with the reign of law, the acute and excellent John Foster wrote these weighty words, as significant and full of moment for us as they were for the men of his time:

Undoubtedly the zealous friends of popular education account knowledge valuable absolutely, as being the apprehension of things as they are; a prevention of delusions; and so far a fitness for right volitions. But they consider religion (besides being itself the primary and infinitely the most important part of knowledge) as a principle indispensable for securing the full benefit of the rest. . . .

And religion, while its grand concern is with the state of the soul towards God and eternal interests, yet takes every principle and rule of morals under its peremptory sanction; making the primary obligation and responsibility be towards God, of everything that is a duty with respect to men. So that, with the subjects of this education, the sense of *propriety* shall be *conscience*; the consideration of how they ought to be regulated in their conduct as a part of the community shall be the recollection that their Master in heaven dictates the laws of that conduct, and will judicially hold them amenable for every part of it.

And is not a discipline thus addressed to the purpose of fixing religious principles in the ascendancy, as far as that object is within the power of discipline, and of infusing a salutary tincture of them into whatever else is taught, the right way to bring up citizens faithful to all that deserves fidelity in the social compact? . . .

Lay hold on the myriads of juvenile spirits before they have time to grow up, through ignorance, into a reckless hostility to social order; train them to sense and good morals; inculcate the principles of religion, simply and solemnly, as religion, as a thing directly of divine dictation, and not as if its authority were chiefly in virtue of human institutions; let the higher orders, generally, make it evident to the multitude that they are desirous to raise them in value, and promote their happiness; and then, *whatever* the demands of the people as a body, thus improving in understanding and sense of justice, shall come to be, and *whatever* modification their preponderance may ultimately enforce on the great social arrangements, it will be infallibly certain that there never *can* be a love of disorder, an insolent anarchy, a prevailing spirit of revenge and devastation. Such a conduct of the ascendant ranks would, in this nation at least, secure that, as long as the world lasts, there never would be any formidable commotion, or violent sudden changes. All those modifications of the national economy to which an improving people would aspire, and would deserve to obtain, would be gradually accomplished, in a manner by which no party would be wronged, and all would be the happier.

If this advice was thought important in the social and political changes then supposed to be exigent, how much more so must it be in our own times of unrest and of new and untried economic conditions which touch home every hearthstone and every interest.

It is not asserted that the inculcation of dogma, to any extent whatever, is the legitimate function of public school instruction. Here the educator may well heed the warning of Thomasius, "not to put his sickle into the field of dread Theology." But it is submitted that in studying nature in its phenomena the teacher may rationally and usefully refer the taught to the Author of nature and to the contemplation of His attributes. The scholar will study literature not less appreciatively for knowing how richly it has been endowed by the church, and how large is the debt which the republic of letters owes to Christianity for its preservation and perpetuity. Nor is the student likely to be less a patriot, or a worse citizen or neighbor, if while investigating history through its facts his attention is directed to the great Disposer of

Events and His dealings with men in the past, and to the inferences which may profitably be drawn from them.

On this plane the followers of every sect may stand, and so far at least the believers in every creed may go without quarrel; and the result can be only a clearer perception in mature years of the truths thus nurtured and cultivated in childhood, which by a general consensus of belief are held to be fundamental and necessary. For it is a fact that with the bulk of our people the essential principles of Christianity are still truths of the most solemn import —

Truths which wake to perish never;
Which neither man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy.

To admit that these principles cannot be emphasized and enforced in our scheme of public instruction, unobtrusively indeed, but practically, by so mixing them with all teaching as to permeate with them the after life and conduct of the pupils, would be an impeachment of our educational system which its friends would be swift to resent and deny. The potential usefulness of this teaching it is not given to human sagacity to calculate, but in the times that are upon us it is sufficient to challenge the thought of the people and bring it back to channels which, although pursuing ancient ways, are still the paths of safety and peace.

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II. READING THE BIBLE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

To clearly understand each other in the discussion of questions in regard to religion, writers must have some common ideas as to the ground covered by the science of religion. While some claim that it has nothing to do with theology, and others that it has nothing to do with morality, and still others that it covers both, it would be difficult to reach any conclusion as to where, when, and how it is to be considered.

"Morality touched with emotion" is Matthew Arnold's definition. In his view religion covers the moralities, all our duties in practical life. As individuals we are bound to secure the highest self-development, to cultivate pure thoughts and sentiments, lofty ideals, all the cardinal virtues. In our relations to others we have imperative duties to family, neighbors, and country which a religious conscience will awaken and quicken. This religion covers the whole realm of moral and social ethics, our duties in this life rather than our joys to come.

Theology covers the realm of the unknowable, — our fears, dreams, superstitions, world of imagination; our fables, mythologies, creeds and canons, dogmas and decretals, forms and ceremonies, prayer-books and bibles, that may prove so many blocks in the way of religion pure and undefiled. We must relegate the Hebrew mythology, with that of the German and Greek, to the poets, soothsayers, and necromancers of the period to which they belong.

The time has come to study religion as a science, an essential element in every human being, differing with climate and civilization. It is at least as important in education as astronomy, navigation, and psychology. But this science, covering the whole round of human duties, cannot be learned in our schools by reading the Old Testament, containing as it does a very revolting history of tribes always at war, of arbitrary rulers, and of men and women who violated all the moralities in ordinary life.

Dr. Andrew D. White, former President of Cornell University, in his new work, "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom," shows that the Bible has been the greatest block in the way of progress. Why then continue to read it in our public schools? Why make a fetish of a book that has thus retarded civilization and has led to the most cruel persecutions of scientists and scholars that the world has ever seen, — a book that makes the supposed Ruler of the Universe a being delighting in war, tempest-tossed with envy, hatred, and malice, alternately blessing and cursing his supposed chosen people? Why frighten women and children with vivid pictures of two terrible forces of evil, one called God, and one called Satan, — the one who with his omniscient eye penetrates our most secret thoughts and actions, who condemns us generally as totally depraved, conceived in sin, and brought forth in iniquity; "the other rejoicing in our vices, and ever at hand to tempt us from the path of rectitude," "going about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour"? Strong men may rise superior to such visions, but the multitudes of young women in insane asylums, trembling before these imaginary beings, and the ever-present fears of children, appeal to wise people to deliver us from these gloomy theologies and to give to women and children an expurgated edition of the "Holy Book." The stampede of several hundred children from one of our public schools in New York City, a few months since, because some one said the devil was in the house should be a lesson to Bible teachers.

All thinkers will agree with Judge Grant that taxation for schools is better than taxation for jails and prisons; that the morals of the schoolhouse are better than those of the street; that the ethics of religion are the most important lessons to be taught in schools, in social

life, and in the marts of trade. To this end the text-books in our schools, the editorials in our journals, the sermons from our pulpits, the platforms of our political parties, the decisions of our courts, the secret councils of our financiers, should all glow with the principles of justice, liberty, and equality. If, however, we are to train our children in the moralities of the New Testament rather than the mythologies of the Old Testament, and to follow the example of Jesus and accept his code of social ethics, to love their neighbors as themselves, to share with them all the good things of life, this would wholly unfit them for our present civilization of selfish competition.

To teach them that the few had no right to enjoy the luxuries of life while the many were denied its necessities, would educate them for the community idea in social life and for socialism in the general government. Thus, to some thinkers, the philosophy of Jesus would be as objectionable as the mythology of Moses and the Prophets. Again, the reading of the New Testament is forbidden in some of our schools because the Jews object to it as history, and the Catholics object to it because it makes no mention of the Pope or of points of faith which they consider of vital consequence. Millionaires might object because of its denunciations of rich men; and women because it assigns to them a position of subordination in the church and state, and in social life to individual men. Neither in spirit, letter, nor example are children taught in either Book to reverence the mother of the race. In all the revisions of texts and discussions on translations the degraded position of women has thus far had no notice. I doubt whether a theological student ever arose from the study of the Scriptures with a higher respect for women than he found in ordinary life or in the laws and constitutions of the state.

Having listened every day, for a dozen years or more, to the terrible denunciations of rich men, Pharisees, and hypocrites, if our children understood what was read, — which, fortunately, they do not, — they would be surprised to find those classes whom God was supposed to hate, in the full enjoyment of all the good things of life, while the poor whom he loves are suffering in ignorance, poverty, and vice. When questioning, they are told that "the Lord loveth whom he chasteneth," and that the joys of heaven will compensate for their misery on earth. If the majority of people really believed in the teachings of Jesus, we should be in a continual revolution until we secured equal rights for all. "In Christ there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond or free, male or female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

But, say the advocates of the Bible in the schools, our teachers are instructed to read the most harmless passages in the Old Testament, such as the stories of Joseph, Jonah, Samson, etc. But the children,

if they take notice of what is read, will ask whether or not those stories are true. To tell them they are not, and yet teach them that the Bible is a Holy Book, inspired or written by the great Spirit of the Universe, is to confuse and confound their reason and common sense. The present contention among our clergy about the story of Jonah would not fill columns in our daily press if they had been taught in our schools that a man could no more live in a whale's belly three days than a bird could for that length of time in an exhausted receiver. To tell them that God can work miracles, that he is not bound by his own laws, is to make the immutable, unchangeable, inexorable One a mere prestidigitator. Parents and teachers are in duty bound to understand the science of religion before they cumber the minds of children with the absurdities of our theologies.

Judge Grant speaks approvingly of the Puritan fathers, as illustrating in their lives the moral effect of Bible-reading in the schools, and the observance of its ordinances in their daily lives. Yet they were the worst type of religious bigots. They persecuted the Baptists and Quakers, tortured and killed alleged witches, and made Sunday a dreary day for the young. A wit, speaking of the blue laws of Connecticut, said, "A man was not allowed on that Holy Day to kiss his wife, nor a hen to lay an egg." The more rigid saints did not even make their beds on Sunday, nor cook any food; some even fasted until the sun went down. Their descendants were the most cruel persecutors of the abolitionists. They stoned and dragged them through the streets of Boston with ropes around their necks, and sent the trembling fugitive slaves back to the house of bondage. They persecuted the advocates of temperance, and made the lives of some clergymen miserable because they protested against deacons of the church carrying on the distillery business and making the cellars of the churches the favorite places for storing wines. The celebrated trial of Rev. George B. Cheever for libel, as the author of "Deacon Giles' Distillery," is fresh in the memory of many still living. So also is the persecution of Rev. John Pierpont, who protested against the wine cellar under his church, whereupon all the liquor-dealers left the "sacred" edifice and nailed rough boards over their pews, thus defacing the interior of the building; and, by withdrawing their patronage, they broke up the congregation. These were leading people in Boston, — lawyers, bankers, trustees of colleges, — all strong advocates of Bible-reading in the schools and of rigid Sunday laws, and men who prayed in perfunctory manner in their families, morning and evening.

Judge Grant evidently thinks that reading the Bible in the schools would quicken the religious emotions of our children and move them later in life to do good works, whereas they take but little note of what

is read, and the teacher's chief care, is to avoid all passages unfit for refined ears.

But why read the Hebrew mythology rather than the German or the Greek? Why teach the morality and religion of a people inferior to our own? We hear much talk of religion being the cure for all our social and political wrongs. If religion covers the moralities, it certainly has that power, but we must distinguish between religion and the theologies, as already suggested. Instead of the Bible, we should have text-books on morals and religion, comprising the most beautiful sentiments in poetry and prose from the best thinkers of our day. In all the sciences we have new text-books from time to time; why not in the science of religion and morality, which we consider the most important of all? There are no books in English literature more unfit reading for young people than those of the Old Testament.

Again, Judge Grant claims that the crowding of our people into the cities is an evidence of the decline of the religious sentiment. Is it not rather an evidence of the growing dislike of the isolation of country life? When farm life is composed of colonies owning large tracts of land together, whose farms branch from a common centre, with their houses, schoolhouses, churches, and halls for amusement in one or two broad streets lined with trees, fountains, and flowers, an increasing number of educated people will leave the cities for rural life, where they can rest their weary nerves and develop their muscles in useful labor. The religious emotions in man, based on reverence, imagination, and worship of something higher than himself, are as much a part of every human soul as the love of music, poetry, and song. The savage worships the sun, the moon, the stars, the grand in nature; the civilized man, the ideal intelligence behind all he sees, and feels, and knows; behind the scientific facts on which his own origin and destiny are based. As society grows more complicated from day to day, man's powers must be more highly developed to meet the exigencies of his generation. Now that the full light of science is being turned on all our fallacies and forms of life, and new discoveries are opening brighter fields of thought and more convenient modes of labor, we see that religion covers a broader and more practical sphere. Instead of being enjoined to have faith in abstractions, we are summoned to consider questions of economics, of domestic life, of education, and of wise legislation on all questions that pertain to this world. Men and women should at least make as holy a preparation of themselves for the duties of parenthood as they do to partake of the sacrament.

The religion of humanity centres the duties of the church in this life, and until the poor are sheltered, fed, and clothed, and are given ample opportunities for education and self-support, the first article in

their creed should be, "The few have no right to luxuries until the many have the necessities." Merely to live without hope or joy in the present or future is not life, but a lingering death. Instead of spending so much time and thought over the souls of the multitude and over delusive promises of the joys to come in another life, we should make for them a paradise here. We are not so sure that the next sphere of action differs so widely from this. We may go through many grades before we enjoy "the peace that passeth all understanding." If the same laws govern all parts of the universe, and are only improved by the higher development of man himself, we must begin to lay the foundation-stones of the new heaven and the new earth here and now. Equal rights for all is the goal towards which the nations of the earth are struggling, and which sooner or later will be reached. Such will be the triumph of true religion, and such the solution of the problem of just government.

THE CHILDREN OF THE OTHER HALF.

THEIR HOMES, THEIR LIVES, THEIR PERILS, THE HELPING
HANDS HELD OUT TO THEM.

BY PROF. WILLIAM I. HULL, PH. D.

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ONE of the most noteworthy tendencies of modern civilization is the flocking of people into great cities. In 1790, only one-thirtieth of our country's population lived in cities of over 8,000 inhabitants; in 1890, nearly one-third. In 1790, there were only six cities in our country with a population of 8,000 or more, while in 1890 there were four hundred and forty-eight.

The causes of this great increase in urban population are of far-reaching importance to our social life both within and without our cities. But they are too numerous to mention or be dwelt upon here. Suffice it to say that, with the growth of city population, city problems and perils have kept pace. In our cities, too, are presented the most startling contrasts. The densest ignorance, the deepest poverty, the wildest intemperance, and the darkest crime serve as an effective background for great universities, for splendid palaces, for exalted homes, and noblest endeavor. The most beautiful of physical environments lie side by side with the most wretched; the highest types of manhood are jostled in the streets by the most debased. Never before in human history were there concentrated in so small a space such contrasts between men and homes and lives. Never before did so many grave municipal, industrial, and moral problems spring up in the path of advancing civilization and demand speedy solution.

But the problem which is my present concern is that of the children of the poor. I desire to tell you, first, of their homes in the tenement houses and shanties of New York and Philadelphia; secondly, of their life upon the streets; and, lastly, of the helping hands held out to lift them up from misery and crime.

Richard Watson Gilder has written a beautiful sonnet, whose lines, I doubt not, are familiar. In it he expresses his love and admiration of that part of New York City in which stands Washington's Arch:

This is the end of the town that I love the best.
Oh, lovely the hour of light from the burning West—
Of light that lingers and fades in the shadowy square,
Where the solemn fountain lifts a shaft in the air
To catch the skyey colors, and fling them down

In a wild-wood torrent that drowns the noise of the town.
And lovely the hour of the still and dreamy night
When, lifted against the blue, stands the arch of white
With one clear planet above, and the sickle moon,
In curve reversed from the arch's marble round,
Sillvers the sapphire sky. Now soon, ah, soon
Shall the city square be turned to holy ground
Through the light of the moon and the stars and the glowing flower, —
The Cross of light that looms from the sacred tower.

Not far from this cross of light and arch of white, the one a symbol of Christian love and sacrifice, the other erected to the memory of him who did so much to make America a land of freedom and opportunity to the poor, there lies a quarter of the town which Mr. Gilder does not love so well, but which, as chairman of a Tenement-House Committee, he has studied carefully and reported on faithfully. It is to this quarter of the city that I now ask your attention.

"Mulberry Bend" in New York City has long been noted as the centre of New York's Italy. The tide of immigration setting in from southern Italy has reached its high-water mark here, and has left its stamp upon the houses and their tenants. For many years the Health Department fought bravely against the elements of physical and moral degeneration which it brought in with it; but overcrowding, crime, and disease continued to flourish here so persistently that the powers that be were at last aroused to decree the pulling down of the old tenements and the growing of grass and trees in their stead. This transformation of an ulcerous sore on the civic body into a healthy lung, a process commenced six years ago, is still dragging its weary length along.

Running off from the "Bend," like cross passages in a sewer, are scores of paths that are dark and crooked and lined with towering tenements. These are the homes of New York's other half. And what a motley crew they are! Every race, every land, almost every nation, tongue, and kindred is represented here. And so great has been the influx of strangers into our large cities, that they have made some parts of them foreign lands to their native-born inhabitants. In New York and Philadelphia, while the foreign-born in the city at large form thirty-four per cent of the inhabitants, the foreign-born in the tenement districts constitute sixty-two per cent; and while those of foreign parentage form sixty-nine per cent of the people at large, they constitute ninety-three per cent of the dwellers in the slums.

One of the most notorious of the short alleyways or passages running off from the "Bend" is (or rather was, for it is now a part of the park) "Bandits' Roost," which took its name, unfortunately, from the character of its inhabitants. There are many such alleys, tenanted by just such people. But, on the other hand, we must not be too hasty

in ranking all the denizens of such abodes in the bandits' class. The pity of it is that thousands of New York's honest wage-earners have no other place in which to live. The meagreness of their incomes, contrasted with the expense of transit from the suburbs to their places of employment, does not permit them to seek for homes at a distance from Bandits' Roosts. When we remember that seventy-six per cent of New York's workmen, and ninety-seven per cent of its working women, receive less than \$10 per week in wages, we must recognize their difficulty, and not marvel at their indifference to seeking better quarters elsewhere.

Thanks to the triumphs of modern engineering, we are enabled to build one city above another, and thus house seventy per cent of a city's population within a small fraction of its area. This fact is largely accomplished by means of towering tenement houses, known as "double-deckers." They are in many cases fashionable old residences, so cut up into rooms that without increasing their breadth or depth they accommodate two families on each floor, and eight families in all, instead of the original one.

In the houses built for purely tenement purposes the depth of the house is increased until it occupies from eighty-six to ninety per cent of the lot, and by splitting the rooms down the middle, each floor is made to accommodate four families. Then the house is run up to five stories in height, and gives shelter, though not much else, within its walls to twenty families, including frequently one hundred people, sometimes increased by fifty or more boarders and lodgers. For example, in a house in Crosby Street, there were found one hundred and one adults and ninety-one children; and in two houses on Mulberry Street one hundred and fifty boarders were found sleeping on the floors. When a single house is thus made to contain the population of a good-sized village, it may well be said that there are less square feet of the earth's surface allotted to each man, woman, and child in some wards of New York City than are allowed for them in the most crowded country graveyard. New York, at least, denies the truth of Bryant's striking lines, that "All who tread the earth are but a handful to the tribes that slumber in its bosom."

Not only have the old Knickerbocker mansions been changed into "double-deckers," but their former gardens, also, have been made to grow such fruit as gardens never grew before. It is here that the rear tenement has sprung up, and brought it to pass that ninety-three per cent of the lots is often built upon, instead of the seventy per cent which the law nominally prescribes. Surrounded on all sides as these tenements are by higher buildings, and cut off from air and light to such an extent that the tenants of the lower floors must resort to the use

of oil or candle at midday beneath a cloudless sky, it is no wonder that, like Saul, they have killed their thousands. In one ward of New York, while the death-rate of single houses was twenty-nine to the thousand, the presence of the rear tenements brought it up to sixty-two; and in twenty-four wards, where the average death-rate for houses standing singly on the lot was twenty-two, the average for front and rear houses was twenty-eight. To infants, in particular, the rear tenements have proved terribly fatal. While the death-rate of children under five years of age in single tenements in one ward was one hundred and ten, their death-rate in front and rear tenements was two hundred and five; in twelve wards, where their average death-rate in single tenements was ninety, in front and rear it was one hundred and four. If it were possible to make a comparison between single tenements and rear tenements alone, these startling figures would be still larger.

Death's warning finger has at last been heeded, and during the summer of 1896 the Health Department condemned eighty-four of these human slaughterhouses. This salutary action was largely due to the efforts of Mr. Gilder's Committee, who carefully investigated the condemned houses and showed that the result of unsanitary conditions was a death-rate in these tenements during the past five years of from 25.02 to 75.05 in the thousand, while the city's death-rate was less than 22.

When we find houses, seven stories in height, occupied by thirty-six families, and families of father, mother, twelve children, and six boarders, living in two-roomed homes, we may appreciate the startling fact that one district of the eleventh ward in New York contains 986.4 persons to every one of its thirty-two acres. Imagine it if you can! Boston, with only fourteen times as many people, occupies a space six hundred and ninety times as large; and even in its most densely populated quarter (Ward 16) Boston has only 184.16 persons to the acre, as against 986 in New York.

There was a time when the great tenements were supposed to be a decided improvement over the old rookeries and shanties, and from some points of view they undoubtedly were so. A number of these old wooden structures still remain. Many of the evils connected with the larger tenements are found here in an exaggerated form. Overcrowding is one of the worst. In these two-story-and-attic houses, which were built to hold one family, there are often found eight families. These shanties, too, in common with their larger fellows, are peculiarly liable to be set on fire. While less than one-third of New York's buildings are tenement houses, among them occur annually more than one-half of the city's fires; and, despite the efforts of a superb fire department, these fires have for years resulted annually, on

the average, in the death of sixteen persons, the serious injury of forty-nine, and the financial ruin of many a struggling family.

A rear tenement which is perhaps the most notorious in the sanitary and criminal records of New York is the famous Gotham Court. Its Quaker builder designed it to be a model tenement, and doubtless it was superior in some respects to the shanties which sheltered most of the city's poor in 1852 when it was built. It speedily became, however, only one more striking illustration of the evil effects of ignorant philanthropy. During the past five years its death-rate has been one hundred per cent higher than the city's, and last July (1896) the Board of Health prohibited it from future habitation. I visited the Court not long ago, and although the heat of the sun was tempered by the great stone walls on either side, it was a grewsome place to enter. The pavement, slimy with indescribable filth, was littered with garbage and refuse of every order; beneath it was a sewer, exuding its rank moisture and horrible odors to mingle with the dampness and odors of the court itself; above, from side to side of the alleyway, were stretched lines of newly washed clothing, dripping their water upon the children playing below. Many of them were Italian children, and fortunately in most places where Italians dwell a slight reminder of sunny Italy is to be found in the shape of boxes of growing vines and flowers placed on the fire escapes and struggling for life amid their desolate surroundings. These and the playing children were the only bright things in that dreary place. Outside, the torrid rays of the summer sun made the street almost unbearable. But here, too, was an evidence of God's love and man's charity; for not far away was a place for the free distribution of ice, and near it a settlement of noble young women who are devoting their time and strength to the alleviation of the suffering, and the elevation of the characters, of their poverty-stricken neighbors.

Although the average number of people in the most densely crowded ward of Philadelphia is only 7.5 to a dwelling, while the corresponding number in New York is 38.5, yet Philadelphia also has its slums. Here is a rear tenement on Monroe Street in the City of Brotherly Love. The ground on which it stands was once a pleasant garden; but rents are dear to the landlord's heart, and the garden gave way to the tenement. What a place is this for human beings to call home! Is it strange that crime should flourish in such environments as these, and that from this very tenement the Children's Aid Society in Philadelphia should receive into its charge a boy only *ten years old* convicted of assault and battery on a man?

In many cases the home is no better than the house and its surroundings. Dirt, darkness, and disease are the fatal trio ever present

in many tenement homes. Dirt may not be always a cause of discomfort, but it certainly promotes disease. Personal uncleanness is largely responsible for the diseases of the eye which are so common among the poor; it is an efficient promoter of typhoid fever and smallpox; by retarding the excretory action of the skin, it throws an extra strain upon, and often permanently injures, other vital organs of the body; and by thus reducing the physical strength of wage-earners it arrays itself as an additional enemy against them in their struggle for existence. But unclean habits are not due solely to the laziness or indifference of the tenants. When there are no apartments for bathing purposes separate from the common living rooms, and when all the water used has to be carried up three or four flights of stairs from a hydrant in the yard below, the landlord who refuses or neglects to provide bathing facilities must bear a large share of the blame. That such facilities are lacking in the vast majority of tenement houses is shown by the fact that only one-third of New York's tenements have water in them, and that only 306 persons out of a total of 255,033 investigated by Mr. Gilder's Committee have access to bathrooms in the houses in which they live! Nor has the city furnished adequate bathing facilities. Its baths are open only during the summer months, and although the aggregate number of baths taken is considerable, the number of persons who take them is comparatively small. That an environment of dirt is not preferred by the poor, is evinced by the salutary effect which asphalt pavements and an efficient street-cleaning service have on the persons, dress, and character of the people.

Turning now from the tenement house, which too often affords no true home to the children of the other half, let us glance at their life upon the streets. For most of them this street life begins in babyhood, and for many it lasts on through life, weaving many a thread in their characters for better or for worse. When contrasted with the dismal tenement home, it has its gleams of brightness, and sometimes leads to nobler lives and higher things; but much more often, alas, it leads to yet lower moral depths, and casting its fatal spell upon its devotees, proves the chief obstacle to adult reform. Its greatest attraction for the little child is freedom, — freedom from the narrow walls of home and relaxation in God's air and sunshine. For the "little mother," however, it means a still greater burden of care and responsibility, for to her are intrusted the younger children. It has been my privilege to know many of these "little mothers," and I think you can search the wide world over and find no nobler examples of patience and long-suffering than they afford. The manifold difficulties with which they have to deal develop in them a rare degree of watchfulness and readiness of resource, as well as patience, and fit them admirably for the walk of life

they often fill, — that of nurse-girl to the children of their more fortunate fellow men.

As yet, playfulness is natural in youth, and it is not wanting in the children of the poor. They have their sports, and enjoy them hugely, though they sometimes play them roughly. The hand-organ is not to them an instrument of torture, but forms the inspiring centre of many a gleeful ring of dancers or choir of singers; and the aristocratic waltz is danced gracefully by boys and girls, who the next moment join lustily in "Poverty Row" or "Paradise Alley." "King William Was," "The Mulberry Bush," and "Ring around a Rosy" are played as merrily in the poorest streets and alleys of our cities as they could be in parks where royalty rides and such things as roses and bushes are really found. The streets are these children's only playground, and although they have much true merriment there, thanks to their own irrepressible good spirits, it is a shameful reproach to our civilization that they have no others. Central Park and Fairmount Park are miles away from those who need them most, and the few small squares that exist "downtown" are too sacred to be trampled by children's feet — except on gravelled walks. With growing efficiency of administration, our streets, too, are becoming, from some points of view, less attractive as children's playgrounds; for now all empty trucks are banished from them, and these were once prime sources of amusement.

The boys delight in such games as "black man," "caddy," "marbles," and "leapfrog," and despite the vigilance of the police, indulge their delight in baseball and the flying of kites. The "shooting of craps" is a favorite game, but one which is not free from both moral and legal censure, for it is dishonest in itself, and cultivates in the boy that love of gambling which proves the ruin of so many men.

The girls, too, until the struggle for existence ties them to the factory, shop, or sewing machine, spend most of their time upon the streets. And when the cares of a "little mother" do not serve as a safeguard, they are led into all sorts of mischief, and contract tastes and habits which blast their own happiness in later life and unfit them for the task of making home "the sacred refuge of our race."

To the thousands of "little toilers" I can do no more than refer. In New York City alone there are said to be more than 100,000 laboring children. Their occupations are many and various, ranging from making dresses to running errands, and from keeping books to blacking boots. Bootblacking was once the easiest entry into the world of business for the poorest boys; but this industry, too, has felt the influence of foreign competition, and the adult Italian, with his comfortable chair and elaborate outfit, has almost monopolized the polishing business.

Thanks to the enterprise of our great daily papers, and to the om-

nivorous reading of them by our American public, the business of newspaper selling enlists thousands of city boys. Our ears, as we walk or ride downtown, have but too much reason to testify to the energy with which newsboys drive their traffic; and in spite of the small price of each paper, their profits are by no means inconsiderable. I have met some brisk little fellows in New York and Philadelphia, whose earnings from this source amount to seven, eight, and even nine dollars per week. Many of them have invalid parents, or widowed mother, and younger brothers and sisters, to whose support their earnings must be contributed. But many others, who are friendless and homeless, waste their substance in riotous living, having feasts now and then at News-boy's Delmonicos, playing recklessly in policy games, or purchasing an evening with melodramatic heroes and heroines in the cheap playhouses on the Bowery.

From the theatre they go with but few cents in their pockets, to some cheap lodging-house to spend the night. A numerous class of these houses charge seven cents a night for what is called by courtesy a bed. Although these places are doubtless more comfortable, physically, than the sheltered doorway or sidewalk grating over some underground furnace, which were long the only alternatives for thousands of homeless wanderers, yet it may be readily understood how naturally vice and crime flourish in them. Their charges range from seven cents to thirty-five cents per lodging, and it is to be hoped that their moral character improves with more comfort and higher prices. In New York City on Sept. 30, 1896, there were one hundred and twelve of these houses, with a capacity of 16,275 people, a fact which gives us some idea as to the size of the army of homeless men and boys.

Another nursery of crime, still worse, perhaps, than the low lodging-houses, because more omnipresent, is the saloon. In some parts of our cities may be found a dozen or more saloons in a single block, and in many places, where streets intersect, these schools of crime are in full operation on each of the four corners. On Oliver Street there is a block in which there are thirteen saloons. There are nearly 8,000 saloons and barrooms in New York, and only four hundred churches; and while the churches are closed or unused the greater part of each week, the saloons are open and active at nearly all hours of the day and night, Sundays, until very recently, not excepted. All saloons pretend to do a legitimate business, but many of them are trysting-places of "crooks" and the hatching-places of crime. That they are not brought strictly under the régime of the law is due to the fact that they are the property of, or are shielded by, the political boss of the ward. And we are all of us but too well aware of the potent influence wielded by liquor-dealers in our Boards of Aldermen and in all depart-

ments of the municipal service. There is a saloon operated and owned by a former alderman for the Tenth Ward in New York City. I visited this saloon one Sunday night before Mr. Roosevelt's vigorous reforms were inaugurated, and although it was owned by one of the city's rulers, I found its side door, or family entrance, open and liquor being sold on the Sabbath in flagrant violation of law. Another noteworthy fact in regard to "Silver-Dollar Smith's" saloon is that its floors and counters are decorated with eight hundred silver dollars embedded in them. This is an evidence of the pains which are taken to make saloons attractive; and when we contrast the warmth and light and music to be found in them in winter, and the coolness and gayety in summer, with the dreary cold or torrid heat and crowds and dirt of the home or street, it is not much wonder that the saloon is fatally attractive. And its attractiveness means inevitable ruin, — especially to the children. In the words of Mr. Jacob Riis, "The saloon is a breeder of poverty and corrupter of politics; it brings suffering into the lives of thousands of innocent victims; it fosters crime and shields criminals; and, worst of all, it corrupts the children. From the moment when, almost a baby, the boy is sent to the saloon to carry thence the beer and whiskey for his parents, he is never out of its reach, and the two form a partnership that lasts through life." I have a picture that shows a whole family, including a three-year-old baby, dead drunk and being taken to the hospital, having eaten nothing for a week.

Coming from such homes as those I have attempted to describe, and encountering such stumbling-blocks and pitfalls as abound in the street, their only playground, in the lodging-house, their frequent shelter, and in the saloon, their omnipresent and fatally attractive ally, it is little wonder that thousands of children of the other half find their path in life cut short at some time sooner or later by prison bars. One of the cells for juvenile delinquents under the age of sixteen years is located in that one of New York's jails which is given the melancholy but appropriate name of the Tombs. Buried here lies many a glowing hope of ambitious boyhood, many a golden possibility of growing into a useful, honest manhood. If the young delinquent, just entered on the path of crime, meet here, as even now sometimes happens, criminals older than himself, he listens eagerly to their account of the great deeds that sent them there. Then, released after some weeks or months of training from this school of crime, he returns to the world with the jailbird's brand upon him, and, repelled from good by the coldness of honest men, and enticed to evil by the warm praises of dishonest ones, he pushes boldly on upon the criminals' path and lands at last for life behind penitentiary bars. Or if perchance he escape the felon's doom of life imprisonment, his career is made up alternately of

outbreaks of petty crimes and of confinement within prison walls for varying terms, until at length, in premature old age, despairing of this life and the life to come, he plunges into the sullen waters of New York's harbor, and is carried thence by way of the city's morgue to Potter's Field, where nameless paupers' graves receive one-tenth of all who die in New York City.

Such is the evolution of the "tough." This last is surely a repulsive picture. One would scarcely believe that humanity could sink so low. But we must not be too ready to judge of possibilities for moral reform by external appearances alone. Beneath the roughest of exteriors there often exists some vestige of true manhood. Some gleam of the spark divine remains, which needs only the breath of brotherly kindness to fan it into flame. Let us not be discouraged then in the task of reforming fallen men and women. There must be some chord in them which will respond in harmony when touched aright.

But it is with children that the most promising and withal the most important work must be done. For, aside from the rescue of human lives from misery and human souls from death, we may not forget that these children of the tenements are to be our country's future rulers, and the parents of its future citizens. Even now the reclamation of the children often has great influence on the parents' reform. This would seem to be the solution of the problem of the slums: "A little child shall lead them."

Let me turn now from the shadows of child-life in the tenement districts, and allude briefly to the helping hands which are soothing its hardships and lifting it to a higher plane. In view of the multitude of charitable agencies engaged in the work of aiding children, it will be possible to refer to only a few of them, selecting some typical ones, without intending, of course, any invidious comparisons.

The shadow of a pauper or selfish parentage is cast upon many hundreds of infants, who are left at birth to the charity of strangers. Sister Irene's Foundling Asylum and Hospital in New York City has taken up this work, and nearly 25,000 homeless waifs, forsaken by their own mothers, have been cared for there by Sisters of Charity. As soon as the cradle stage is passed, the asylum children enter the kindergarten class, and there they lead a merry, happy life. The depressing features of so many other asylums are wanting here, and it is indeed a charming sight to see these children of misfortune laughing and singing at their games, or clustering with bright, eager faces and merry greetings around the visitor, and waving a forest of small hands in farewell.

Three years of sunshine follow the child's first stormy advent to the asylum's crib, during which time the mother is privileged to claim

her own again; then the Sisters seek a suitable home for it in some place outside the city. The number of applications from those desiring to adopt these children is large, and some of them are quite amusing. For instance: "Will the good Sisters send my wife and myself a smart, stout, saucy boy of six — Irish parentage?" "We would like a little girl between three and five years old, with dark auburn or brown hair and blue eyes. She *must* have a pretty nose." "Your agent has promised me a nice little red-haired boy. I have a red-haired wife and five red-headed girls, and we want a boy to match!"

When the Children's Aid Society is mentioned, one inevitably thinks of its founder, Mr. Charles Loring Brace. Mr. Brace, while studying for the ministry about forty-five years ago, wandered through the downtown streets of New York City in search of boys to attend the Sunday-School meetings he had established for them. But so impressed was he by the multitude of forlorn children who, apparently, were thrown upon their own resources for physical, mental, and spiritual nourishment, that he determined to devote his life to them.

The first problem with which he grappled was how to provide comfortable beds for them, which should take the place of doorways, boxes, and empty carts in which he found them sleeping. Commencing in a modest way by fitting up a loft, he succeeded after twenty years in having erected the first Newsboys' Lodging-house. In twenty years more, six other lodging-houses were established; and in the forty years more than 200,000 homeless boys and girls have received supper, bath, and shelter in these homes.

The rudiments of an education are provided for by the Society in its twenty-one day schools, thirteen night schools, and seven reading-rooms; and not only has simple instruction been given in these schools to the 100,000 children for whom the public schools have not found room, but judicious gifts of meals and clothing have rescued them from shop or factory and enabled them to use the opportunity for mental growth held out to them.

But what the Children's Aid Societies stand for most of all, perhaps, is the sending of vagrant children from the city's streets and placing them in farmers' homes. They believe that the best of all asylums for the outcast child is the "home with the little 'h'," which Kate Douglas Wiggin in her charming story of "Timothy's Quest" has so well described: "The cosy little home, with the sweet daily jumble of lap-trotting, gentle caressing, endearing words, twilight stories, motherly tucks-in-bed, good-night-kisses, — all the dear, simple, everyday accompaniments of the home with the little h."

Ninety thousand children have been sent to such homes throughout the country by the New York society, and the Philadelphia society has

distributed its thousands too. Best of all, it is stated from careful records of each case, that eighty-five per cent of these have turned out well, and only two per cent have grown into evil men.

There are countless instances which go to prove the power of a good environment. Who can wonder that amid the circumstances of slum life Jimmie H——— should have grown to be what the judge pronounced him, an "incorrigible delinquent"? But experience has proved that it needed only a home of different environment to create in Jimmie obedient and industrious habits.

When the annual exodus occurs in summer from the hot streets of the city to the seashore and the mountains, thousands of children are left behind to combat the heat and squalor of their tenement homes as best they may. To amuse, interest, and instruct these children, the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor conducts six vacation schools. Until one has visited these schools and seen and felt the enjoyment and interest manifest in them, it may seem strange that they should be so popular in vacation time. And yet during the past summer, 4,423 children attended them. The meanness and poverty of home and street must be borne in mind in order to appreciate aright the attractiveness of the schools; but these have in themselves many sources of pleasure for the children of the poor. To many of them, a new and beautiful world is revealed through the kindergarten's games and songs and dainty devices. The sewing class appeals in a practical way to the older girls. The boys find fascination and often a latent talent in modelling forms of bird, beast, and fish, flower and fruit, in yielding clay. While the carpentry class calls forth the utmost energy and enthusiasm in even the hottest days of summer. It is not only the thought of a future livelihood and the friendly rivalry in the present that inspire with unflagging zeal the efforts of these youthful carpenters; it is the divine love of creating, which is felt as truly by them as by the scholar, the artist, and the poet; and such work cannot fail to benefit them æsthetically and morally, as well as physically and financially.

The suffering and tribulations of tenement children during the hot days of summer have called forth more sympathy than any of their other trials, and a great variety and amount of so-called "summer charity" is undertaken in their behalf. Among the most interesting and useful work of this kind is that done by the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, under the efficient management of Dr. William Howe Tolman. This Association, the oldest and largest relief-giving agency in the city, is well known for its public baths, vacation schools, labor bureau, and vacant-lot farms. Its summer charity includes three excursions weekly to west Coney Island, where 15,000

women and children have been taken during the past season, supplied with a simple lunch in the pavilion on the beach, and furnished with bathing suits for a plunge in the sea.

The Association maintains a Home for Convalescent Mothers and Infants, where ten days or a fortnight of rest and recreation have saved many a fragile life, and where simple lessons in sanitation and physiology are given to ignorant mothers. A Home for Convalescent Children is maintained also by the Association, and in the two were entertained during the past summer, one hundred and twenty-eight women and five hundred and twenty-one children for an average stay of eleven days. "Recreation plus Education" is the motto which has been placed in spirit, though not in letters, above the portals of the summer homes; and it is designed that all who enter there should not only leave behind them for a time the misery of a life of sordid poverty, but that they should shake off also the bonds of ignorance and vicious habits, and with widened intellectual horizons and higher morals ideals, should receive a knowledge of some simple truths which would be to them a source of lasting inspiration. The Homes' abundant resources of sea and land, of beach and meadow, and a corps of trained workers, are doing much to realize the Association's aim of establishing a "Chautauqua for the Poor." A fortnight's stay in a Home, neat, clean, and well supplied with food and furniture; practical talks by a trained nurse on the care of infants and domestic sanitation and hygiene; games and scrap-books, songs and recitations, under the lead of a kindergarten; expeditions for the capture of fish and crabs, the finding of shells and seaweed, and for the study of the multiform flora and fauna of a meadow behind the beach, together with plain, simple talks by a teacher of natural history on the growth and habits of these creatures of sea and land; a cooking-teacher's lessons in the purchase of wholesome, inexpensive food, and the best and cheapest way of cooking it; and last, but not least, contact with higher ideals of human life and the cleansing, ennobling joys of the great salt ocean, — these are the means by which the Association has sought to convert "Fresh-air Charity" into "Recreation plus Education."

THE TALE OF TWO HORSES: A POLITICAL ROMAUNT OF THE THIRTIES.

BY HUBERT M. SKINNER.

HIS Serene Highness, the Sultan of Marocco, had an idea.

The fact of itself was not phenomenal; for this son of the Prophet, cousin of the moon and of other heavenly bodies, while not a prophet or a heavenly body himself, was a rather clever man as Barbary sultans go, and had made something of a success in the imperial line. After serving an apprenticeship as Governor of Fez, Muley Abderrahman had seized the throne of his uncle, Muley Solyman, in 1822, overthrown the false prophet Sidi Meheddi Sheradi, and caused all competitors *in posse* to reflect upon the pleasures of private life and the vanity of worldly ambition.

Although the industries of piracy and man-stealing were now in terms abolished, Muley governed, as far as possible, strictly on Mohammedan lines. The collection of taxes was farmed out to the most insatiate of human vampires. Jews were legitimate and delectable morsels for the appetites of excisemen. Christian "dogs" that were wrecked upon the coast still brought, occasionally, the highest prices ever paid for canines of any species, and were secretly hurried south (where they were warranted never to suffer from cold), to be disposed of in a manner which spared their friends any agonizing information as to their fate.

Gold and silver were not lavished in the extravagance of pure money, but were economically mixed with metals which were easily obtained. No treasure was wasted upon hospitals, almshouses, or jails. These were institutions of Christian dogs, who drank wine and gambled and fed upon swine in benighted nations of Europe, and they did not commend themselves to the pious Muley. Thieves were bastinadoed, unfaithful women were drowned, and now and then a Moslem heretic was thrown from the top of a tower, to be caught and disembowelled upon sharp, projecting arms of iron. People who were disposed to question the admirable character of the amiable Sultan's methods were hung upon hooks inserted below the lower jaw, or were simply bowstrung and dropped into the harbor to feed fishes.

While all was peace and order at home, His Serene Highness had to keep a sharp lookout abroad. He must have one eye on the Sultan of Turkey, who exacted some tokens of vassalage. He must send, each year, a present of money to that sublime potentate, with apologies

in the choicest and neatest Arabic for its limitation as to amount, and with some engaging bauble in the way of a horse or a female slave of exaggerated qualities, to make up for the deficiency.

He must have the other eye on the Christian dogs. The rulers of their lands were becoming bold. Several were in arrears in the matter of annual "compliments," and at the same time were pressing impertinent inquiries as to the disappearance of divers and sundry sailors, explorers, and other human flotsam and jetsam that had disappeared mysteriously after reaching his hospitable realm; and these same rulers were, moreover, incredulous as to the reported sinking of certain merchant ships in mid-ocean, when vessels marvellously like them, with some changes in the rigging, were sailing about in charge of Barbary crews.

Perhaps Muley seemed to foresee, even in his own time, a burst of Christian wrath upon Morocco, — like that which had fallen already upon Algeria, — when the Cross should supplant the Crescent in the Land of Dates, and the occupation of the Moorish pirate and enslaver of Christians should be gone.

His Serene Highness, I say, had an idea, and it related to the United States. And this is what it was about. A great war ship, the "John Adams," Captain Voorhees, had appeared in the harbor of Mogador, one beautiful November morning of 1833, flying a great flag of stars and stripes in red, white, and blue. The vessel had plenty of heavy guns, and her commander was not at all averse to using them. Volley after volley pealed over the waters and rolled back in thunder from the hills. The very earth seemed to shake with the detonations. All this, it was explained, was a salute of respect to the Governor. Evidently Captain Voorhees was a very respectful man. And if there was a man in the world who was entitled to respect, in his opinion, it must have been that very Governor.

Inquiry among the Sultan's wise men, who derived much of their wisdom from a delectable class of Spanish sailors, elicited the fact that the commander of the unwonted visitant was the representative of a terrific potentate of the Western World, whose sailors were beginning to swarm on every sea, and who had performed incredible feats of war. This ruler was no other than Don Yogson, the *Presidente* of the *Americanos*. Vagueness is recognized by rhetoricians as one of the elements of the sublime and the terrible. Muley Abderrahman was learned in the lore of Caliphs, Sultans, Shahs, Beys, Deys, Bashaws, Muftis, Cadis, Imams, and what not. He had dealt with Kings and Emperors, Popes and Princes. He had listened to tales of Czars, Rajahs, Begums, Ahkoonds, Mikados, Tycoons, and Lamas. But what, in the name of Mahomet's horse, was a *Presidente*? The title was unfamiliar, to say

the least. Evidently it meant something more than all the other Christians rulers; for had not this Yogson hanged men at will on the old Spanish-American coast,—Englishmen at that,—and in a time of peace between the nations? He was an invincible warrior. In his battle with the English, had he not mowed down the conquerors of "Bombardy," with no mentionable loss to his own army, as Mahomet defeated the infidels at Bedr? The Prophet himself could not have done this had he not been aided in the nick of time by the angel Gabriel, who rode to the rescue on the horse Hyazum, backed by ten thousand angels. Perhaps Don Yogson was in league with the Djinns! Who could tell?

Like a true Moor, the Sultan had great regard for strength. His ideal Christian was "Bombardy," whose real patent of sovereignty dated from the battle of the Pyramids. Even in that warrior's humiliation at Elba, the Barbary corsairs attested their veneration for his inherent power, and lent their aid to his escape from the island.

Muley Abderrahman was not slow in connecting the display of American strength in his harbor with two men in his dominions who would bear watching. One of these was the British Consul, William Willshire, a trader at Mogador, and the other an irrepressible Yankee captain named James Riley, who had made a considerable noise in the world.

Captain Riley had nine lives. He had been wrecked upon the African coast at the beginning of the present century, seized as a slave, and driven under the lash into the Sahara. With remarkable daring he had managed to bring his case to the attention of Willshire by a ruse, the failure of which would have subjected him to infinite torture and to death. Redeemed by the bounty of the generous Englishman, he had returned to America and published a "Narrative," which found more readers in his country than any other book previous to the appearance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

He had galloped on horseback from New York to the Mississippi and back again, and scraped up an acquaintance with every politician in the country. He had built a mill and founded a town (Willshire, O.) in the wilderness. He had stumbled into the legislature of a Western State, and there projected vast canal schemes. He had been chased by pirates on the sea, and had foiled land-pirates without end. He had been given up by the doctors, as fatally ill, on more than one occasion. But he always came up smiling and hopeful, and sooner or later found himself on the ocean again, headed for the Barbary coast, as if to tempt his fate.

Of all this the Sultan, of course, was not aware. But this he *did* know—that Captain Riley was again in Marocco, with a dangerous

way of picking up information about the country, and with the air of a man who seemed to say, "I should like to see them try to lay hands on me again." Under the circumstances it was highly desirable to win the friendship of the furious Don who was the *Presidente* of the *Americanos*. The formula for securing royal favor was very simple. There must be a present and a letter of rhetorical salaams, ceremoniously presented and addressed to the taste of the recipient.

His Serene Highness was under some limitations as to the selection of a suitable gift. The rulers of Christian dogs seemed to have no appreciation of female charms. He could have spared several Oriental beauties from his harem, — which seemed never to feel the pressure of hard times, — but evidently the *Presidente* had no more use for such a gift than Bombardy would have had.

What would prove most acceptable? Ah! he had it. It should be a lion. Don Yogson should have a lion. He was something of a lion himself. He would appreciate the significance of the compliment. Then, too, if any troublesome subjects should annoy him — and all great rulers meet with such — he could drop a hint that his lion was growing hungry, and of course they would know what *that* was intended to signify. Capital! A lion it must be.

But the enlarging heart of the Sultan did not stop with the lion. He would send an additional present. The guns of the "John Adams" must not make him nervous again. Was the *Presidente* fond of horses? The Barbary councillors, though they knew nothing of Jackson's picturesque career as a Tennessee racer, were certain he must be. He should have a horse. By the beard of the Prophet, he should have *two* horses, and they should be carried by Captain Riley himself. And accordingly, two superb stallions were selected from the royal stud.

Andrew Jackson, one of the four who are accounted greatest in the line of American Presidents, and the only one who ever received the highest number of popular and electoral votes in three successive Presidential campaigns, was a maker of highly readable history from his first appearance in public life. Personally and politically he was always in the storm centre — idolized by the masses, an object of the implacable hostility of a minority. He was depicted by his opponents invariably as a despot whose aim was to override all constitutional restraints, to control at once the nation's sword and purse, and to make his own individual will the supreme law of the land.

Strange to say, higher contemporary criticism held him at fault for precisely the opposite reason. In 1831 our country was visited officially by a distinguished student of civics, a Judge Advocate (whatever that may mean) of France, in the person of Alexis Charles Henri Clérel de Tocqueville, who came with credentials from the Citizen King

to inspect our punitive system, and who wandered about among our State penitentiaries, seeing in them, I dare say, little enough of good. While here he exercised the keenest of French perception in the study of American institutions, and embodied his observations in a great work which was destined to procure his admission to the very exclusive French Academy, as soon as he should acquire the proper age — for in 1831 this prodigy of civic writers was but twenty-six years old. One can imagine the surprise of a European reared under the Bourbons, to read in the inaugural of the American “despot” such words as these:

In administering the laws of Congress, I shall keep steadily in view the *limitations* as well as the extent of the Executive power, trusting thereby to discharge the functions of my office without transcending its authority.

After witnessing Jackson's triumph over the United States Bank, over Nullification, and over the army of Federal office-holders, De Tocqueville deliberately wrote:

Far from wishing to extend the Federal power, the President belongs to the party which is desirous of limiting that power to the clear and *precise letter* of the Constitution, and which never puts a construction upon that act favorable to the Government of the Union. . . . Whenever the government of the States comes in contact with that of the Union, the President is generally the first to question his own rights. He almost always outstrips the legislature; and when the extent of the Federal power is controverted, he takes part, as it were, against himself — he conceals his official interests and labors to diminish his own dignity.

The Democratic, or old Republican party was, in fact, the party of theoretical strict construction of the Constitution. Yet its first President, Jefferson, had stretched the Federal power “till it cracked,” in the purchase of Louisiana from France; and Jackson was continually rebuked by the party of “liberal construction,” with Clay and Webster at its head, for transcending in his acts even their own supposedly broad views of Federal power.

The explanation of all this confusion of ideas is simply this: Parties are not always consistent with themselves. It was the ruling purpose of the “Outs,” whoever they might be, to hold rigidly to the constitutional limitations the Government by the “Ins,” whoever *they* might be. If the party of Jefferson and Jackson did not always display consistency, neither did that of Clay and Webster. Yet probably both political organizations were quite as well possessed of this “jewel” as were the men who composed them. Jackson himself was one of the most charmingly human of mortals. Our Yankee Boswell, in the most complete, perhaps, of all American biographies, thus sums up the results of his study of the Jacksonian character:

Andrew Jackson, I am given to understand, was a patriot and a traitor. He was one of the greatest of Generals, and wholly ignorant of the art of war. A writer brilliant; elegant, eloquent, without being able to compose a correct sentence or to spell words of four syllables. The first of statesmen, he never devised, he never

framed a measure. He was the most candid of men, and was capable of the profoundest dissimulation. A stickler for discipline, he never hesitated to disobey his superior. A most law-obeying, law-defying man! A democratic autocrat! An urbane savage! An atrocious saint!

The fact is, Jackson was a most conscientious upholder of the limitations of the Constitution, but he was guided always by his own interpretation of that instrument. Indeed, he boldly declared that it was the duty of every officer to support the Constitution *as he understood it* — a declaration which was of incalculable service, in later years, to Abraham Lincoln in his opposition to the Dred-Scott decision.

Constitutional questions were constantly arising. Was the United States Bank (which had been twice chartered) constitutional? Jackson thought not. He therefore vetoed the bill to renew its charter, and subsequently ordered that no further deposits of Federal moneys be made in it — the ten millions or so on deposit in its vaults at the time to be drawn upon for the current expenses of the government. Did the Constitution recognize the "right" of nullification or of secession? Certainly not, said Jackson, in his proclamation to the Nullifiers. "The Constitution of the United States," said he, "forms a *government*, not a league. . . . To say that any State may at pleasure secede from the Union, is to say that the United States are not a nation." Had the President the Constitutional power to remove Federal officers? Upon this the contest was raging with fierce heat in the memorable year of 1834.

The storm burst on the 28th of March, when the Senate, led by Henry Clay, formally resolved:

That the President, in the late Executive proceedings in relation to the public revenue, has assumed upon himself authority and power not conferred by the Constitution and laws, but in derogation of both.

This was Clay's last triumph over his great opponent, and it was destined to be short-lived. Nothing else that Clay might have done could have been so wounding to the pride of this advocate of strict construction, this defender of Constitutional rights, as that formal historic impeachment, apparently destined to endure upon the nation's public record.

"The late Executive proceedings in relation to the public revenue," like charity, covered a multitude of sins. Among other things it included the dismissal of Secretary-of-the-Treasury William J. Duane, who refused to order the withdrawal of the deposits. It is to this day a legend at Washington (apocryphal, of course) that the President met Mr. Duane on Pennsylvania Avenue, and directed him to take the step; that the Secretary indignantly refused; that Old Hickory, in a towering rage, thundered at him: "You won't! Well, by the

Eternal, I'll remove you;"—and that the order for the Secretary's removal (on which the ink was barely dry) was found on the Secretary's desk on his return from his walk.

Whatever may be thought of the President's course in discontinuing the deposits in a bank which he believed to be unsound, the Senate resolution of censure was palpably repugnant to the Constitution. By that instrument the Senate is constituted the sole court of impeachment for the trial of a President, and here was a court of justice pronouncing in advance of any trial its judgment upon an impeachable offence! The President protested against the action in a message dated April 15th. Senator Poindexter, of Mississippi, protested against receiving the message. The President explained further in a second communication. Poindexter now insisted that neither message be received, and on the 7th of May the Senate actually passed resolutions to that effect.

In the midst of the intense excitement of the time came the announcement to the State Department of the Barbary sultan's present in a communication from the American Consul at Tangier, Mr. James R. Leib.

Jackson received the somewhat jocose congratulations of his third Secretary of State, Mr. Louis McLane; his fifth Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Levi Woodbury; his fourth Secretary of War, Mr. Joel R. Poinsett, and the second in order of his four Secretaries of the Navy, Mr. J. K. Paulding,—who at that moment constituted the kaleidoscope cabinet of the Jacksonian era.

So far as the horses were concerned, the present appealed most strongly to the President's heart. He was completing his second term, and already was looking forward to a return to his loved retreat at the Hermitage. His wife was not living. A library he never possessed. But he longed to return to his faithful servants and his horses at the old home in Tennessee. His recreations would be, as of old, in the open air. As in other days, he would dash along the road to Nashville, attended by a liveried retinue, and his equipage would be the admiration of the populace. Jackson possessed ample means for the purchase of the best horses in America. But it was not given even to the wealthy to have steeds selected by an emperor from the best strains of the Old World.

The sports of the turf were growing in popularity in the United States. The contest lay principally between the Messengers and the Bashaws, though for a time the Stars in their courses had prevailed against both. Probably all were of original Arabian stock. The Stars were slight of limb, and had a tendency to contraction of the feet. The stronger Messengers were more to be depended upon for long-dis-

tance trotting. The Bashaws came from Barbary, and were of near and unquestionable Arabian origin.

One of the most famous races in all the history of the turf was at this time fresh in the public mind. Hunting Park Course, in Philadelphia, was the scene, the time 1831. The actors were such notable flyers as Topgallant, Whalebone, Dread, Chancellor, Collector, Lady Jackson, Moonshine, and Columbus. The course was a three-mile track, and there were four heats. The horses were generally docked, and the riders wore gorgeous suits of silk. "Eight such horses," says Woodruff, "and such riders had never met before, and it is doubtful whether they will again."

Topgallant, a Messenger, was nearly twenty-four years old, and was spavined at that. Whalebone had no pedigree, and was minus one eye. Columbus was known as the first horse that had ever trotted the three-mile course in less than eight minutes. He had a record of 7:58. Collector won the first heat, Topgallant the second, and Dread the third and fourth.

The victor was a gelding. Up to this time all famous male trotters were doomed to be the last of their line. The era of trotting stallions was dawning. The rising hope of the Bashaws was a famous pacer who was destined to make a record of two miles in 5:18 at the Centerville (N. Y.) race in 1835. His name was shared with the great Democratic President, and reporters for the papers divided their space equitably between the two. Even a reference to Andrew Jackson the Bashaw was not sufficiently specific in those days, for the Barbary title was one by which more than one lady of the Cabinet circle had designated the Executive himself.

The Barbary horse was really the Arabian horse, that had removed with his master from the desert peninsula to northern Africa. The Arabs claim that the horse was first tamed by Ishmael, the son of Abraham, — or, as they style him, Ismaïl ibn Ibrahim, — and that their famous coursers of the present day are the descendants of the steeds of the Patriarch's family. Indeed, the Oriental horse-trader will not blush to present to you a written pedigree, if you require it, giving all the names of the sires in ascending line to the days of King Solomon. The less the traveller in Arabia is acquainted with the Arab character, the more he will be impressed with these "claims of long descent."

Your true Arabian steed stands fourteen to fifteen hands high, with large head and deep jawl, large and gentle eyes, light neck, high wither, muscular forearm, short back, round "barrel," narrow hind-quarter, and high-set tail. He is not always gray in color, as is popularly supposed. He is a constant galloper, a bold jumper, a docile, courageous, and lovable creature. He has improved in size by his

removal to Barbary, and, as a consequence, the Barbary type corresponds more to the American ideal. It does not appear to which of "the five great strains" of Arabic blood — the Kehîlan, the Seglâwi, the Abéyan, the Hamdâni, or the Hâdban — the imperial span belonged, nor does it matter. They were just the horses for which American lovers of the turf were longing.

There was a plain provision of the Constitution which stood in the way of the President's receiving the gift. It was written:

No title of nobility shall be granted by the United States; and no person holding any office of profit or trust under them shall, *without the consent of the Congress, accept of any present, emolument, office, or title of any kind whatever from any king, prince, or foreign state.*

But Jackson needed no such prohibition to decide his course in the matter. His hatred for kings and princes exceeded his love for horses. Even the Citizen King, his great admirer, scarcely succeeded in securing a portrait of him in later years, after having despatched a famous painter on a trip of seven thousand miles for the express purpose.

A personal acceptance of the Sultan's present was out of the question. The matter, however, was one which required some delicacy in its management. Probably at the time the President gave it but little attention, trusting to the Secretary of State to make a suitable acknowledgment to the Moorish potentate. Certain it is that Secretary McLane wrote to Consul Leib (date May 20), acquainting him with the President's situation, and authorizing a disposition of the horses.

The letter of Secretary McLane having been received by Consul Leib, the embarkation of the royal beasts took place on the 28th of July, at Tangier, where Captain Riley's ship, the "William Tell," was riding at anchor. The cage of the lion was securely placed upon the deck, where doughty Leo could have the benefit of the fresh air and sunshine. The lordly stallions, destined to be the progenitors of a long line of American turf kings, were taken below, where the ballast had been covered deeply with cut straw for their accommodation.

The city was in a state of wild excitement. The preceding day had been a holy season of great interest to the devout in Marocco. All male children of eight years or less had been circumcised, and the city had been full of countrymen from all the hills and valleys around. A Moorish boy had religiously thrown a heavy stone against the house of a Jew. Failing to break a window, he had brought down, or at least struck, a statue of one of his own saints in the rebound of the missile.

However little the interests of true art might have suffered by any possible damage to the statue, the matter was one of no little

moment to the non-Mohammedan population. It was at once evident to the devout that this was the work of Jews, who were naturally seeking an opportunity to be fined and imprisoned. Nothing could be plainer, the Governor said. To be sure, the deed of the Moorish boy was witnessed by a number of Christians at the French consulate, but of course this went for nothing, as all Christians were liars on principle, and their evidence could not be received in court on any account.

As an off-hand judgment, His Excellency decided that a "bonus" of two thousand dollars would compensate him for the laceration of his feelings, and that the Jews of the city should make up this amount with all due complaisance and celerity. About forty of the wealthier Jewish heads of families, failing to view the matter in that light, were in durance vile, chained to cell walls by neck and legs, at the time the imperial present was taken on board the ship. Among them was a venerable rabbi, whose wife besought the American consul, with many tears, for his release. The services of an American negro, the servant of a former consul, were brought into requisition. With many profound salaams, the sable orator made the effort of his life, in which the names of Allah, His Excellency, and the great American Don were freely used. The gift of His Serene Highness was extolled, and the rabbi was recommended to executive clemency. The venerable Jew was released ere the vessel sailed.

In the strong-box of Captain Riley, in the cabin of the "William Tell," was a folded paper which caused the skipper much quiet satisfaction, but the existence of which was not for a moment suspected by the Emperor of Morocco. It read as follows:

U. S. CONSULATE, TANGIER.

July 28, 1834.

Received of Captain James Riley, the sum of three hundred dollars, in full payment for two horses, late the property of the United States, and sold by order of the Department of State under date of May 20, 1834; he (James Riley) declaring his intention of transporting said horses to the United States, with a view of introducing the breed into that country; upon which assurance they have been thus sold, and this day shipped on board the brig "William Tell," now in the harbor of Tangier.

JAMES R. LEIB,

U. S. Consul for the Empire of Morocco.

\$300.

Captain Riley had previously agreed to transport the Sultan's present to the United States for the sum of one thousand dollars, paid in advance. This amount he had planned to invest in a cargo which would bring at least double that amount on his arrival at New York. Instead, at the consul's solicitation, he had purchased the steeds, and driven a good bargain, in his opinion. And proud indeed was the owner of the Barbary horses as he paced the deck on his homeward course.

On the 23rd of September the vessel entered the harbor of New York. Veracious reporters of the enterprising dailies came on board at once, to view the royal beauties and to record the history of the voyage. On the following day the shore was thronged by thousands upon thousands of sightseers, and the deck of the schooner was the most notable place in the city.

For four days the interest grew and the crowds increased. The shrewd captain was in no hurry to sell the horses, or even to avow his ownership of them. The visitors were free to express their opinion as to the money value of the sultan's present. The estimates expanded from hour to hour, until an enthusiast declared he would be willing to give the unparalleled sum of five thousand dollars for the imperial steeds. This was the moment for which Captain Riley was waiting. The money was never paid, however, for events had occurred for which the hero of the "Narrative" was wholly unprepared, and to which the student of American history turns with an interest disproportionate to the importance of the barbarian ruler's gift.

The Whigs in Congress had gone into the business of strict construction, with a determination to outdo the Democrats. Clay, their matchless leader, was smarting under the unprecedented humiliation of two defeats for the Presidency, and was ardently desiring a third candidacy, which he was destined to secure late in life, and in which was to be realized the climax of his disappointments.

Clay certainly appears in not the most favorable light at this period, when his principal incentive seemed to be a personal antagonism to his successful rival. Distinguished in Congress for a long unwavering opposition to the United States bank, he was now its chief defender and advocate. Nor was his course more consistent in reference to the disloyal action of South Carolina. He had been reckoned first among the upholders of an indissoluble Union of all the States. When nullification and approaching disunion reared their heads, Jackson, met the issue with a solemn declaration which will echo forevermore, and which sank deep into the heart of the millions — a declaration which burned itself upon the memory of a young grocery clerk in Illinois, and was to be a lamp to his feet in the future years of our nation's darkness and peril. He seized the moment of fate to declare the United States a nation, with a nation's right to self-maintenance. Jealous of the frenzy of approbation which Jackson's proclamation elicited from the hearts of the millions, the great Whig leader was so weak as to allege of this glorious document that it was "too ultra," and that he could not "stomach" it; and to say of rebellious South Carolina, practically in arms against the government, "I do not wish to see her degraded or defaced as a member of this Confederacy." He devised a compromise

with the State in insurrection — a tariff bill which, while acceptable, and proper in itself, detracted somewhat from the moral effect of the self-assertion of the Federal government; and thus the opportunity for a practical test of the nation's strength was sacrificed.

However much we may deplore Jackson's course in the removal of office-holders, in view of the odious "spoils system" to which it gave rise, we must remember that he violated no law then written in effecting it, unless, indeed, the Constitution forbade him to make removals as his predecessors had done. Clay denied to him even the power to dismiss a member of his own cabinet, maintaining an extreme theory which, except in the mad period of Reconstruction, never has been upheld, but, in the words of an eminent contemporary, has remained in "innocuous desuetude."

Sometime in the summer, — I know not whether before or after the particular whirl of the kaleidoscope in which Mr. McLane disappeared from the cabinet, and John Forsyth, of Georgia, took the office of Secretary of State, — President Jackson stumbled upon a most painful and amazing discovery. It was nothing less than the fact that his administration had clearly, unmistakably, and inexcusably violated the plain letter of the Constitution. It seemed impossible, yet there was the indisputable evidence in black and white, in the correspondence of the State Department.

The government had both accepted and disposed of a present from a foreign prince, "without the consent of the Congress." The Constitution made no distinction between a personal and an official acceptance. One of the plainest of all the Constitutional prohibitions had been violated directly and without a shadow of excuse. Hitherto every act of the President had been strictly in accordance with his understanding of that sacred instrument, that Ark of the Covenant, of which he was the faithful guardian and which he had sworn to uphold. His bitterest opponents had never charged against him anything more than a *constructive* violation of it — an exercise of powers not (to them) clearly expressed or necessarily to be inferred.

Here was something positive, not negative; express, not inferential; plain, not doubtful or ambiguous. It was a fact and not an opinion that confronted the old hero — a fact most unwelcome at any time — doubly and trebly unwelcome at this particular period, when the fierce light of searching criticism fell upon his every act. To the devil with the Arabian horses and all connected with them!

The President had recourse to philosophy. The mind of Jackson may have been somewhat jesuitical in its manner of reasoning, but he was unconscious of it. To him the Constitution was a deity. The Constitution declared that the presents could not be accepted and dis-

posed of before the action of Congress in the premises. Congress had not acted, and, "by the Eternal," it followed that the presents *had not* been, *could not* have been accepted or disposed of. The animals should be turned over to Congress as soon as it should meet, wherever on land or sea they might be found; and Secretary Forsyth should fix the matter up satisfactorily if it should turn out that the consul had attempted to sell them.

It was no slight task upon which Mr. Forsyth entered when he accepted the portfolio of the Department of State. Jackson's foreign policy was characterized by a vigor undreamt-of in preceding administrations. It was not through accident that the "John Adams" appeared in Muley Abderrahman's harbor with its thundering guns. It was not a mere coincidence that a strong American fleet cruised about the shores of Portugal, Spain, Naples, and France when the old American claims for spoliation were pressed to an immediate settlement. These vessels had much to do with the surprisingly prompt adjustment of such claims.

Of the nations mentioned, France was at that moment a recalcitrant. The Citizen King admitted the justice of the American claim, and agreed to pay it. But the French Chambers refused to vote the appropriation necessary, and the old schoolmaster's throne was a very shaky affair, at best.

Louis Philippe privately intimated to the American minister that it might be a good thing for the great American President to press the matter with vigor. Alas! how little did this former teacher of young ladies understand the Tennessee frontiersman's notion of "vigor." Jackson at once proposed to Congress to authorize the prompt seizure of French merchant ships upon the high seas, until the booty thus captured should balance the claim outstanding.

An explosion followed immediately in the astonished and indignant French Chambers, and the new Secretary of State was launched upon a sea of warlike correspondence which terminated only with the intervention of "good offices" by the British government and the payment of the claim.

Of all the perplexing questions which confronted the new Secretary, perhaps the most annoying was the one which related to the horses and the lion. His solicitude in the premises was enhanced by the certainty that, in the coming session, the President's loyalty to the Constitution was to be subjected to further discussion and judgment. One of Jackson's firmest supporters was avowing at this moment his intention to have the Senate resolution of censure expunged from the records of the Upper House.

A proposition so utterly unheard-of, when it was repeated from

day to day, excited only laughter and jeers from the Whigs. But they little knew the man who proposed it. This was Thomas H. Benton, destined to sit in the Senate for thirty years, and to go down in history as "Old Bullion" and "The Expunger." It was then twenty years and more since Benton and Jackson had met in deadly encounter in a Nashville tavern, when Jackson's left shoulder was shattered and Benton was hurled backwards down a stairway in a rough-and-tumble affair; and the friendship of the two, cemented in this singular manner, had grown to be a David-and-Jonathan attachment. Colonel Benton was intensely in earnest. The constitutionality of the President's actions was to be vindicated at any cost. And a Congressional session of even greater excitement than had been manifested hitherto was anticipated by the administration. The Barbary scandal, involving as it did an impeachable offence, would cause a great emotion. No one could tell what might come of it. Plainly it must be suppressed as completely as possible.

When Mr. Holland Nicholl, a wealthy Knickerbocker merchant of Gotham, went on board the "William Tell," on the 4th of November, 1834, he was so delighted with the handsome appearance of the Barbary horses (which indeed must have seemed like steeds from another world to the New Yorker of that day) that he offered the incredible sum of five thousand dollars for the two majestic equines. Captain Riley was about to accept this princely offer — or perhaps had accepted it already — when a custom-house officer prohibited the landing of the animals.

Captain Riley, whose word was law on the "William Tell," immediately indicated a determination to dispose of his property without troubling the United States at all in the matter, and sent the officer right about. Two days later a solemn-looking individual came aboard and handed the doughty captain a paper. It proved to be a summons from the U. S. District Court to Captain Riley to appear and answer to the charge of "taking and unlawfully detaining two certain horses, the property of the United States."

Meanwhile, Captain Riley had written to the Department of State a long letter of explanation and expostulation. Secretary Forsyth immediately responded, claiming that Consul Leib had misunderstood and exceeded his instructions, and requesting Captain Riley to deliver the "certain" horses at once to the Collector of the Port of New York. The letter assured the captain that he should receive a fair compensation for the transportation of the animals, but said not a word about the return of the purchase money.

Like the man who "put up at Gadsby's," the irate skipper at once journeyed to Washington, that Mecca of men with a grievance, and

with the usual result. At the State Department he was received with polite attention, and invited to present a liberal bill for the transportation of the emperor's gift, which bill he was assured would be paid promptly by the collector of the port. Vague but captivating suggestions of a flattering government office were presented to his delighted hope, and he was given to understand that probably he would be useful to the administration in future. The country would soon need the services of a discreet person in the preparation of a treaty with Marocco, and Captain Riley was evidently a discreet man in his conduct and talk. And the bewildered captain was smilingly bowed out — as thousands are in such cases in every administration.

Until he had descended the steps to the street, it probably did not occur to the captain that he had been treated "diplomatically." The captain was not a diplomat, and it was not a matter of wonder that he had been overcome by the genial manners and indefinite assurances of the polite Secretary. He had failed to make a defence before the court, and on returning to New York early in December, he found himself no longer the possessor of the animals.

He did the only thing that remained to do. He made out a bill (for \$2,500) for the transportation of the horses and lion, and presented it for the consideration of the conscientious Mr. Samuel Swartwout, collector of the port. The bill was pigeonholed, of course, to remain in that state until enough noise should be made about it to bring it up to be audited. Like everybody else with a claim against the government, Captain Riley was put to the trouble and expense of making a second journey to Washington, which he did late in January, 1835; and of course, when there, he was laconically referred to the place whence he had come.

By the 2nd of February, the conscientious Mr. Swartwout had proceeded in the matter so far as to write to the Secretary of State for instructions, and Captain Riley, like every other person thus situated, remained on expense at Washington, to await advices by mail.

About two weeks later, the captain received from the conscientious Mr. Swartwout an indefinite letter of encouragement, and returned to New York. Under instructions from the State Department, the captain was allowed in all the sum total of \$832.80 for the transportation of his singular cargo, and this was all he ever received, though he was charged by the company owning half the "William Tell" the amount of \$2,500 as their share of the vessel's freight.

Of course, this bore rather heavily upon the poor sea-rover, but no more so than Washington methods usually bear upon claimants against the government. It was simply the custom of the country.

On the 1st of March, 1835, Captain Riley returned to New York

a sadder and wiser man. He had been absent from Washington during most of the time when Congress was in session, and was not there to make undesirable disclosures while the matter was under discussion by that body, — which, doubtless, was exactly what the Secretary of State had hoped for from the beginning. He had been absent from New York at the time when he might have made a defence and asserted the nature of his claim before the District Court. In fact, he had missed his opportunity all around. He had dreamed of acquiring wealth and fame as the owner of the famous steeds of the desert. A fortune *in prospectu* had vanished before the worthy captain's eyes. Yet his was not unlike the experience of thousands in every administration who fail to make allowance for the mistakes, the delays, the slow-going methods, the conflicting rulings of the government machinery.

Jackson's sense of justice was always keen. In one case which came to his notice he himself caused the salary of a clerk to be withheld to satisfy a board bill. He had been a judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, and he combined the jurist's sense of equity with a military commander's promptness and decision in acting upon any case where he could remedy an injustice. But it is far from likely that the case of Captain Riley ever was brought to his notice after the captain's first visit to the capital in relation to the matter.

In fact, it is singular how successfully the scandal of the sale of the horses was concealed. It would have been a most palatable morsel to the Whigs, as a clear case of infraction of the supreme law of the land by an administration whose boast was its faithful observance of that law. It might have proved even more delicious to them than the astonishing embezzlement and default of the conscientious Mr. Swartwout, which brought disaster to his party in a later year. Even the omnivorous Mr. Parton, whose vast biography seems to contain almost everything that was ever written or spoken about the most famous man of this time, makes no mention whatever of the sultan's gift and the perplexities which came of it.

When Congress met in December, 1834, the friends of the administration — still in the minority in the Senate — received an accession in the person of the new Senator from Pennsylvania, James Buchanan. Like Benton, Buchanan had experienced a previous "difficulty" with Jackson, though very different in kind from the Benton affair. The circumstances are worth relating here. When Clay, Jackson, *et al.* were Presidential candidates, in 1824, no one received a majority of all the votes cast (though Jackson had a plurality), and, for the second time in our history, the election was thrown into the House, of which Clay was the leading factor. Then, instead of voting for Jackson, like himself a Southern and Western man, a slaveholder, a man of the people,

Clay amazed his friends by securing the election of a "blue-nosed" Yankee, a scion of the most unpopular family in the country; whereupon the "blue-nosed" Yankee, the younger Adams, immediately appointed the said Clay to the coveted post of Secretary of State. While the election was pending in the House, Buchanan carried to the excitable Jackson a cock-and-bull story to the effect that Clay's vote could be secured for him for a consideration—the promise of the Secretaryship. The cry of "bargain and sale" was raised at once concerning the Adams-Clay coalition. But when Mr. Buchanan was called upon to substantiate the story, that admirable gentleman instantly disappeared through a knothole,—to the great embarrassment of various statesmen,—and never afterward could be induced to utter a word on the subject.

For years Jackson had never a friendly word for "Jeems" Buchanan, as he called him. But though the mountain came not to Mahomet, Mahomet came to the mountain. Such an ally as Benton most needed in the scenes soon to be enacted was found in this very "Jeems," who took ostentatious pride in being known as a leader of the Jacksonians.

Both Benton and Buchanan were social icebergs, slow, ponderous, and impassive. Yet it was to be demonstrated that these glacial bodies could be transformed into incandescent masses.

On the 15th of January the matter of the Barbary horses and lion came before the Senate in the form of a joint resolution authorizing the President to dispose of the animals by public sale.

Mr. Porter, of Louisiana, objected to the bill that it specified no time for the sale, and moved to amend by inserting the fourth Saturday in February following, and the sale to be at auction.

Mr. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, mortified at so boorish a disposition of the Sultan's present, moved an amendment authorizing the President to present the lion to the proprietor of Peale's Museum, and the horses to the Agricultural Society of New York. He commented with some asperity upon the want of dignity displayed in the Chamber, and was certain that his proposition afforded the best solution of the difficulty.

The mention of New York brought Mr. Porter again to his feet. If the animals were to be presented to any parties, he would look outside New York for a recipient. The Agricultural Society of Louisiana would be glad of them—particularly the horses.

Mr. Frelinghuysen called for a division on the question, to be taken on the lion first. Before this could be done, Mr. Benton rose and, in a dignified manner, expressed a decided preference for a presentation of the animals to some public institution or society.

Mr. Moore, of Alabama, was opposed to any proposition in the interests of New York. He would neither send a lion to that State nor receive one from it.

Mr. Clay now took the floor to make the most sensible proposition of all, to the effect that the President be authorized to dispose of the animals as he might see fit. This was suggested for an amendment.

Before Mr. Frelinghuysen could adopt the opportune suggestion, Mr. Poindexter, of Mississippi, offered an amendment in writing, that the lion be presented to King Louis Philippe. This playful allusion to a supposed secret affection of the Democrats for the Citizen King was met by Mr. Buchanan with a statement that such an act would be really a declaration of war with France — which the Whigs affected to fear.

Mr. Frelinghuysen here secured the floor, and acted upon Mr. Clay's suggestion, modifying his own amendment so as to permit the President "to present the animals to such person or institution as he may designate."

At this point arose Mr. Shepley, of Maine (who had voted against Clay's resolution of censure of the President), and inquired of the new Whig school of strict construction where they found in the Constitution any authority to give away property of the United States. If they had the right to make this donation, he said (following the general Whig line of argument employed against Jackson), they could so dispose of *any* and *all* the public property of the nation. The principle was the same.

The venerable Mr. Frelinghuysen rose to his feet for the fourth time, with the gravity which characterized him as president of Princeton College, but with perhaps a suggestion of a twinkle of college mischief in his eye, and entered upon what promised to be an interminable dissertation upon the common law.

"According to common law," he began, "in order to have a property in a thing, we must be able to hold it." (Here the Senators adjusted their persons in their chairs for a comfortable nap.) "Now, as all of us together could not hold the lion if we should try," — here the Senators were suddenly wide awake, — "it is better to get rid of him as soon as possible."

In the general laugh which followed this unexpected termination of an apprehended discussion, the vote was taken upon Mr. Frelinghuysen's amendment, as modified by Clay's suggestion. It failed, by one vote, to pass.

The Chamber was determined that the animals should be sold, not presented. Evidently Mr. Shepley's sarcastic argument really expressed the majority's apprehension of the unconstitutionality of a gratuitous

disposition of the present, for the Whigs of that day went to the full length of strict-construction folly in challenging the exercise of governmental powers.

Mr. Poindexter then urged that the animals be given to Captain Riley, to compensate him for his care and trouble in bringing them to America. This proposition was promptly rejected.

Mr. Ewing, of Ohio, moved an amendment to the effect that the sale take place in Washington, which was adopted, and the bill was ordered to the third reading.

A little later on, Mr. Strict-constructionist Clay pronounced a grand philippic on the unconstitutionality of the removal of a cabinet officer by the President, and added, significantly, that when the subject should be resumed he should "expect to see some of the leaders of the administration party come out, *with book in hand*, and show the text for this tremendous power."

It pleased the new Senator from Pennsylvania to believe himself the person aimed at, and he at once replied that, when the gentleman should think proper to take up the subject and attempt to prove that the practice under which this government had flourished, and which had been sustained by Madison, was not founded in reason and justice, was not necessary to the proper administration of the government, and was not consistent with the Constitution, he (Buchanan) would be ready to meet him.

"Thou shalt see me at Philippi," retorted Clay, in the language of Cæsar's ghost to Brutus.

On the very last day of the session was opened the two years' war of the expunging resolution, the most unique, acrimonious, and exciting legislative contest in the annals of modern nations; a contest marvellously theatrical from beginning to close.

Benton did not propose to obliterate from the Senate record the resolution of censure, but to have black lines drawn around it and the following words written across it: "Expunged by order of the Senate," together with the date of the action. The importance attached to Benton's resolution by the great men of that day is to us unaccountable. They professed to see in it the destruction of civil liberty and the overthrow of the republic. Yet their arguments seem as puerile as their predictions were bombastic.

The literalists rang the changes on the word *keep*, — for the Constitution requires that "Each House shall *keep* a journal of its proceedings." "*Keep*," said they, "means to preserve, as well as to write." In like manner the word *locust* may mean either a tree or an insect; but it cannot mean both at the same time. The old records of the Senate, after their publication, had been sold more than once for waste

paper, and a double meaning of the word *keep* had not been thought of. As for a mutilation of the record, this surely would not follow from the drawing of the black lines about the offensive paragraph.

Benton and Buchanan went down, however, under the withering fire and fury of the Opposition. In all the Senate they could find but seven more supporters for the resolution of expunction. Even the strong adherents of the President quailed, for the most part, before the united eloquence of Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, who for once found themselves entirely agreed.

Did Benton accept this crushing defeat with due humility? *Minime, mehercule!* A year later, in 1836, he came a second time to the onset, hurling defiance for defiance, and scorn for scorn. His pertinacity had gained for his resolution more support, but not sufficient to stem the tide. The annals of no congress or parliament on earth can show such rancor, such passion of denunciation, such pyrotechnics of partisanship as this resolution elicited. A second time the excited Chamber howled its delight over the discomfiture of Benton and Buchanan, who, it seemed, were to be thenceforth subjects for Homeric laughter.

Benton stood for reëlection, and was returned to the Chamber, with the increased influence of a Senator having six years before him. Moreover, he persuaded more than one State legislature to pass resolutions favorable to the proposed expunction. With him, on his return, were enough new members to turn the majority over to the Democrats. From the day of the election, the Expunger seemed to have but one object in view—to triumph over the great trio and their satellites.

In the winter of 1836-7 the administration of Jackson—with its strong lights and deep shadows, its dauntless courage, its continuous succession of victories over all forms of opposition at home or abroad, its baleful place-hunting, its civic and commercial crises, its ardent attachments and deep resentments—was drawing to its close. Already his successor was chosen, and he was beginning to pack his personal effects for a removal to the Hermitage. Those hateful words upon the Senate record, guarded day and night by the Whig warriors, continued to hold their place, and burned into the souls of Old Hickory's vast army of worshippers. In the soul of Benton burned the scorn, the irony, the contempt of the Senate gods. But a day came when the citadel of the Opposition was stormed as by fire.

Benton marked and chose his men in secret. He canvassed his party, and organized victory. The timid he sustained, the strong he directed.

On the night of Saturday, January 14, a secret preliminary meeting was held in Washington, where the plans were all laid and the

faith of the Democratic senators was plighted to a struggle of physical endurance. On Monday, ere the session began, the committee rooms were stored with lunches to sustain the party in the siege that must follow this last effort that could be made ere the administration closed.

With the meeting of the Chamber came the knell to the onset. The Whigs were taken altogether by surprise, but turned as before to their great leaders. Benton had counted his host. He knew his followers to a man. That Chamber should not adjourn until the expunction should be accomplished, though men died in their chairs. The most dramatic scene in the history of the American Senate was about to be enacted.

Certain of victory now, Benton took the floor. Flushed with angry triumph, he seemed to hurl his words like missiles upon the devoted heads of his opponents. Every word carried with it the memory of invectives which had been poured upon him in the past.

"Solitary and alone," he began, *"and amidst the jeers and taunts of my opponents, I put this ball in motion. The people have taken it up and rolled it forward, and I am no longer anything but a unit in the vast mass which now peoples it. In the name of that mass I speak. I demand the execution of the edict of the people. I demand the expurgation of that sentence which the voice of a few senators and the power of their confederate, the Bank of the United States, has caused to be placed on the journal of the Senate, and which the voice of millions of free men has ordered to be expunged from it."*

"Black lines! Black lines!" shrieked Clay. "Sir, I hope the Secretary of the Senate will preserve the pen with which he may inscribe them, and present it to that senator of the majority whom he may select, as a proud trophy, to be transmitted to his descendants. And hereafter, when we shall lose the forms of our free institutions, all that now remain to us, some future American monarch, in gratitude to those by whose means he has been enabled, upon the ruins of liberty, to erect a throne, and to commemorate especially this expunging resolution, may institute a new order of knighthood, and confer on it the appropriate name of '*The Knight of the Black Lines*.' But why should I detain the Senate, or needlessly waste my breath in fruitless exertions? The decree has gone forth. It is one of urgency, too. The deed is to be done—that foul deed, like the blood-stained hands of the guilty Macbeth, all oceans' waters will never wash out. Proceed, then, to the noble work before you, and, like other skilful executioners, do it quickly."

Mr. Buchanan followed, in an exhaustive and logical speech of endless duration. The hours dragged on, and the lamps were lighted. The Democrats, from time to time, slipped out to avail themselves of refreshments. The Whigs became hungry, thirsty, and weary, but continued the hopeless struggle. The evening passed amid furious warfare of epithets. The scene took on a character unprecedented. Almost the entire membership of the Lower House crowded the outer spaces. The populace filled the galleries to suffocation, and every corridor, every approach to the capitol was densely packed with excited citizens.

As midnight drew nigh, Calhoun discharged a torrent of invective, alluding to the deed to be done as one befitting the hours of darkness and night—a crime too foul for the light of day. At length Webster

spoke, as a final gun is discharged by a sinking ship. He harped upon the word *keep*, as it appears in the Constitution, in connection with the journals of the two Houses. "We stand," said he, "upon the plain words of the Constitution itself. A thousand precedents elsewhere made, whether ancient or modern, can neither rescind nor control nor modify these words." To that worst form of strict construction, a mere verbal juggling, was it reduced at last.

No Whig followed the Sage of Marshfield. All seemed now to see, as it were, a handwriting upon the wall. Blistering invective, jeremiad, pathos, bathos, *argumentum ad hominem, ad forum, et ad alia omnia*, Ossa piled on Pelion, Calhoun on Clay, and Webster on Calhoun, — all were seen to be of no avail. After thirteen hours of an epic which reads like the "Inferno," thirteen hours through which the reader of the old *Globe*, with the delirium of a Berlioz, seems to hear the bass and Belphegor in the "Damnation of Faust," the inevitable was accepted.

But what of the claqueurs, that band of brave howlers who, through the whole seven years' war of the Bank, and often with hands upon weapons, had cheered or groaned from the gallery as the interests of the corporation rose or fell? Till now these gallery gods had sat in sullen silence, dark with atrabilious rage. Now like the rumble of thunder arose a roar that was deafening. The black crowd surged around to the left of the circular gallery, and concentrated immediately over "Old Bullion." Two or three senators hastily withdrew from the room to procure weapons, and on their return the friends of the great Missourian gathered closely about him. Mrs. Benton, always brave, pushed to the very centre, and remained by her husband. Was the expunction to be resisted by violence? Was the blood of senators to stain the floor? In alarm at the awful uproar and the mad gesticulations of rage above the Expunger's head, the presiding officer ordered the galleries cleared.

Ere this could be effected, Benton again rose to speak, and there was silence in the chamber. Even the claqueurs quailed before the mad lion, and heard in silence the hot words that leaped from his white lips:

I hope the galleries will *not* be cleared, as many innocent persons will be excluded who have been guilty of no violation of order. Let the ruffians who have made the disturbance alone be punished! Let them be apprehended! I hope the Sergeant-at-Arms will be directed to enter the gallery and seize the ruffians, ascertaining who they are in the best way he can. Let him apprehend them and bring them to the bar of the Senate! Let him seize the Bank ruffians! I hope that they will not now be suffered to insult the Senate as they did when it was under the power of the Bank of the United States, when ruffians, with arms upon them, insulted us with impunity. Let them be taken and brought to the bar of the Senate. Here is one, just above me, that may be easily identified.

The claqueurs seemed to have heard something drop. Instantly a hush fell upon them, and they were meek as lambs when bold John Shackford, the Sergeant-at-Arms, advanced into the thickest of the mob and dragged the leaders ignominiously to the bar. The vote having been taken, the black lines were drawn, and the expunction was accomplished. The hero of New Orleans stood at length triumphant over the last of his foes; and as all his friends had been rewarded, his political accounts were balanced. His exit from public station was made in a blaze of iridescent glory. The scene in that chamber of triumph was a fitting *finale* for the most brilliant administration in American annals.

But the horses — I had nearly forgotten them. They were disposed of at Washington in accordance with the determination of the Congress.

Like a green bay tree flourished in the Federal city the trade of the auctioneer. The seasons came and the seasons went, but to the Knight of the Hammer all were the same, for all alike were his. Among the varieties of movable property there was always a more or less choice assortment of human souls — dark-skinned mothers, maids, and babes, men and boys — the victims of a peculiar institution of certain American States. There were the wrecks of fortunes of stranded statesmen, broken, often, "on the headlands of freedom." The innumerable caravan of discharged Whig clerks that moved to the pale realms of political shade left behind an interminable line of trunks and boxes of personal effects for the satisfaction of unpaid bills, for the vice of living beyond his means was as common to the government clerk of the thirties as to the more fortunate beneficiary of the civil service of to-day; and when the political axe descended, accommodations at ten per cent a month could not be depended upon to delay the inevitable.

Then there were the relics of persons having claims against the government, who, certain of speedy success in collecting them, rolled proudly into the capital in their splendid equipages, and never rolled out again, but walked home, leaving their horses and carriages in charge of the constabulary.

Yes, the business of the auctioneer was lucrative and engaging, and was destined to grow grandly and to overspread the entire republic in short order, though the government was wholly free from debt, and its accumulated treasure (there was no proper *treasury* then) was simply a burden. Ah me! the baleful significance of that red flag! Ah me! the hearts that were breaking in Washington! But little recked the philosophical auctioneer, who, from his far height in the thin, cool atmosphere of nonchalance, surveyed the follies and the resultant agonies of men.

The auction was an unobtrusive affair, for the statesmen were

becomingly modest in their estimate of this exhibition of political magnanimity. The fact did not promise well for financial results, but inured to the advantage of adventurers with ready money and political influence.

Despite the maidenly diffidence of all concerned — even of the ordinarily aggressive auctioneer — a motley crowd were gathered at the sale. A number of the reader's friends were present, notwithstanding the anachronism involved in the case of some of these. More real than the subjects of biographies, and adjustable as to time and place, are the characters of standard fiction. Major Jack Downing, the ubiquitous Yankee, and Petroleum V. Nasby, the mean White, were there in very life. Zachariah Martin dropped in, out of curiosity, and there met Elijah Pogram and (horrors!) Ebenezer Barncastle. Colonel Mulberry Sellers was on the ground, full of enthusiasm and of information, but indisposed to make a purchase in which there was a suggestion of cash payment. Judge Pyncheon and Colonel Belcher, happening to be in the city, took occasion to inspect the wonderful animals from the sultan's stud.

Haley was there, seeking another Uncle Tom and another little Harry. Ex-clerks of Whig proclivities, blest now with elegant leisure, and contemplating, generally, a long journey in some direction, gazed listlessly upon the spectacle, with a new realization of the value of the horse as a means of locomotion.

Mr. Holland Nicholl was not present. In fact, there was a painful lack of interest in the matter on the part of men of wealth in other cities who ordinarily would have been fierce competitors for such a prize.

It was a tame affair. The master of the occasion, as previously intimated, was seized with the feminine reserve which sometimes comes to auctioneers most unexpectedly, and announced the terms of the sale in simple *vox humana* tones, unsuggestive of aggressiveness. The bidders were few, and wanting in animation. The first horse sold brought only \$1,205, when the hammer fell, and the event was marked among the spectators with a prevalent optical function known to physiologists as nictation. The second horse was knocked down at \$860, and the *crico-arytenoidus posticus* muscle was observed to relax in the system of many a bystander as the result was announced.

The horses went dog cheap at \$2,065. It matters not who bid them in and paid for them. Probably the real buyers were not present, having pressing engagements elsewhere at the time. But at least the country was largely the gainer, for the splendid stallions of Muley Abderrahman were thenceforth truly an American possession. In their descendants to this very day they add prestige to the American race

course, which leads the world in speed. They haunted the memory of Captain Riley until his earthly mould, in 1840, was tenderly consigned to Davy Jones's locker, in lat. 28 N., lon. 67 W. Like the spectral steed of Dana's "Buccaneers," they glared upon the President in 1835, when a British subject, James Smithson, the natural son of the Duke of Northumberland, bequeathed to the United States his large fortune "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men;" and no coin of the legacy was touched, even as with a poker, by the Administration until its formal acceptance was declared "by the Congress."

If it be true, as Wesley seemed to think of horses, that the Barbary coursers were endowed with immortality, let us hope that they dwell now in some blessed Houyhnhnm land, where maize and oats and hay abound, and where the narrowness of literalism and the puerilities of word-play — so unsuited to the dignity of the Houyhnhnm soul — enter not into their statecraft.

PLAZA OF THE POETS.

"O LIFE, O BEYOND!"

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Strange — strange, O mortal Life,
The perverse gifts that came to me from you!
From childhood I have wanted all good things:
 You gave me few.

You gave me faith in One
Divine — above your own imperious might,
O mortal Life, while I but wanted you
 And your delight.

I wanted dancing feet,
And flowery, grassy paths by laughing streams:
You gave me loitering steps, and eyes all blurred
 With tears and dreams.

I wanted love, — and, lo!
As though in mockery, you gave me loss.
O'erburdened sore, I wanted rest: you gave
 The heavier cross.

I wanted one poor hut
For mine own home, to creep away into:
You gave me only lonelier desert lands
 To journey through.

Now, at the last vast verge
Of barren age, I stumble, reel, and fling
Me down, with strength all spent and heart athirst
 And famishing.

Yea, now, Life, deal me death, —
Your worst — your vaunted worst! . . . Across
 my breast
With numb and fumbling hands I gird me for
 The best.

A BALLAD OF SWEETHEARTS.

BY MADISON CAWEIN.

Summer may come in sun-blond splendor,
To reap the harvest that Springtime sows ;
And Fall lead in her old defender,
Winter, all huddled up in snows :
Ever a-south the love-wind blows
Into my heart, like a vane a-sway,
From face to face of the girls it knows —
But who is the fairest it's hard to say.

If Carrie smile or Maud look tender,
Straight in my bosom the gladness glows ;
But scarce at their side am I all surrender
When Gertrude sings where the garden grows :
And my heart is a-bloom, like the red rose shows,
For her hand to gather and toss away,
Or wear on her breast, as her fancy goes —
But who is the fairest it's hard to say.

Let Laura pass, as a sapling slender,
Her cheek a berry, her mouth a rose, —
Or Blanche or Stella, — to each I render
The worship due to the charms she shows :
But Mary's a poem when these are prose ;
Here at her feet my life I lay ;
All of devotion to her it owes —
But who is the fairest it's hard to say.

How can my heart of my hand dispose ?
When Ruth and Clara, and Kate and May,
In form and feature no flaw disclose —
But who is the fairest it's hard to say.

TO MADELINE.

BY JAMES NEWTON MATTHEWS.

The stars that at my casement shine
Pale in thine eyes, O Madeline, —
Thine eyes, within whose depths I see
A light of love that lureth me
To quest the seas beyond the line
That separates thy soul from mine,
O Madeline !

Not any silks of Samarcand
Are softer than thy snowy hand ;
Not any lily-flower afloat
Can mate the whiteness of thy throat,
Nor any floss, however fine,
Compare with that brown hair of thine,
O Madeline !

The timid apple-blossom dyes
That laugh into the warm May skies,
The tender crimson tints that dwell
Within the windings of a shell, —
These mingling hints of cream and wine,
These tempting hues thy cheeks combine,
O Madeline !

The pouting grapes that bend the vines
What time the still September shines,
The softened scarlet on the peach
That glimmers just beyond our reach, —
These but suggest in colors fine
The sweetness of those lips divine,
O Madeline !

Yet all the graces, all the charms,
Of eyes and hair, of lips and arms,
Are but the outward signs that show
The life, the light, the heat, the glow,
The flames of love that leap and twine,
Where I would warm this heart of mine,
O Madeline !

AYESHA TO KALLICRATES:

A RECOLLECTION OF "SHE."

BY WINWOOD WAITT.

She loosed the misty veil that shrouded her;
Unclaspt from her slim waist the snake of gold;
And down about her, showering musk and myrrh,
Her torrent tresses rolled.
All beautiful she stood, clad only in
The splendid twilight of her falling hair,
Like Eve, o'ershadowed by the curse of sin,
Yet most divinely fair.

"Kallikrates!" — the silence gathering up
The limpid music of her golden tongue,
Poured it into our hearts, as from a cup
With honeyed roses strung, —
"The centuries of the dead, stupendous Past,
With their unutterable griefs, behind me throng;
And Time returns thee to mine arms at last,
O Beautiful and Strong!

"Now is it done, O Love! come storm, come shine,
Come good, come ill, through all the years to be,
By this wild kiss — my wifhood's seal and sign —
I give myself to thee!
To thee dominion over earth and air,
And all therein, my love exulting gives;
And this immortal boon with thee I share,
To live while Nature lives!

"Here in her cavernous womb exhaustless leaps
The very fount and spring of life sublime,
The source of that impetuous tide that sweeps,
Rejoicing, through all time.
Draw near! Behold the pulse of Being beat!
Inhale this rosy heat with every breath —
The bright elixir of the life complete
That mocks at change and death!

"The crashing thunder-wheels from far away,
Bearing the Mystic Fire, are rolling down;
Come — ere thy swooning courage fail — for aye
Take thine immortal crown!
Come, stand within the whirling cloud of flame!
Bathe in its brightness, drink its essence fine,
Till every kindling fibre of thy frame
Glows with new life divine!

" If on the awful verge of endless years
 Thy dazzled senses shrink and hesitate,
 Thy heart, grown faint with shuddering doubt, yet fears
 To grasp and master Fate,
 Bethink! all life, all love, I offer thee;
 Drink of the cup that Death cannot alloy,
 Nor Age exhaust, nor dull Satiety
 Embitter or destroy.

" But first put every grovelling thought aside;
 Cleanse and uplift thy heart; shake loose the wings
 Of thine exalted Self, and, glorified,
 Dream on diviner things!
 So, from the quickened germ of what thou art,
 The Flower of Perfect Good shall spring sublime,
 And, waxing ever, bear within thy heart
 Rich harvest for all time."

BETRAYAL.

BY HELENA MAYNARD RICHARDSON.

Wistfully the breeze was sighing,
 Sighing, — sighing through the trees;
 Breathing soft a pleading murmur,
 Rising, falling, — from crescendo
 Down a long diminuendo, —
 Restless wanderer! ne'er at ease.

Wooed he then the fluttering leaflets,
 Fluttering, fluttering in the breeze;
 Bolder grew the whispering tempter

Of the leaves to new endeavor,
 " Would ye tarry here forever?
 Let's away! Fair summer flees."

Leaflets danced with joy then faster,
 Faster, faster in their glee;
 Chanting gayly in abandon:

" We have sighed full long to wander,
 Flying here and there and yonder.
 Yea! sweetheart, we'll go with thee!"

Wantonly the breeze then caught them,
 Caught them, — taught them to be free;
 Lent them wings. They flew together,
 One wild dance a moment leading,
 Till the mocking breeze receding
 Left them strewn beneath the tree!

THE HEREDITY OF RICHARD ROE.

BY DR. DAVID STARR JORDAN,
President of Leland Stanford Junior University.

"Vom Vater hab' ich die Statur."¹ — *Goethe.*

WHEN Richard Roe was born, "the gate of gifts was closed" to him. Henceforth he must expect nothing new, and must devote himself to the development of the heritage he has received from his father and mother. He must bring its discordant elements into some sort of harmony. He must form his Ego by the union of these factors. He must soften down their contradictions. He must train his elements of strength to be helpful to some one in some way, that others in turn may be helpful to him. He must give his weak powers exercise, so that their weakness shall not bring him disaster in the competition of life. For somewhere, somehow, in his life it will prove that no chain is stronger than its weakest link. Other powers not too weak, nor over strong, Richard Roe must perforce neglect, because in the hurry of life there is not time for all-round development. In these ways the character of Richard Roe's inheritance is steadily changing under his hands. As he grows older, one after another of the careers that might have been his, vanish from his path forever. The man he might have been can never be. On the other hand, by steady exercise a slender thread of capacity may grow so as to become like strong cordage. Thus Richard Roe learns anew the old parable of the talents. The power he hid in a napkin is taken away altogether, while that which is placed at usury is returned a hundred-fold.

Now, for the purposes of this discussion, thou, gentle reader, "who art an achievement of importance," or I, ungente writer, concerning whom the less said the better, may be Richard Roe. So might any of your friends or acquaintances. So far as methods and laws are

1 Stature from Father and the mood,
Stern views of life compelling;
From Mother I take the joyous heart
And the love of story-telling.

Great grandsire's passion was the fair;
What if I still reveal it?
Great granddam's pomp and gold and show,
And in my bones I feel it.

Of all the various elements
That make up this complexity,
What is there left when all is done,
To call originality?

— Goethe, *Zahme Xenien*, VI; Bayard Taylor's translation, in part.

concerned, Richard Roe may be your lapdog or your favorite horse, — or even your *bête noire*, if you cherish beasts of that character. Any beast will do. With Algernon Fitz Clarence De Courcy or Clara Vere de Vere the case would be just the same. Let Richard Roe stand at present for the lay figure of heredity, or, if it seem best to you to humanize this discussion, let him be a *Man*.

The man Richard Roe enters life with a series of qualities and tendencies granted him by heredity. Let us examine this series. Let us analyze the contents of this pack which he is to carry through life to the gates of the Golden City. In this analysis we may find help in the use of the formulæ of algebra, a science which, like heredity, deals with unknown quantities standing in definite relations to each other.

First, from his parents Richard Roe has inherited humanity, the parts and organs and feelings of a man. "Hath he not eyes? Hath he not hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer" as you or I or any other king or beggar we know of? "If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?" All this, the common heritage of Jew or Gentile, goes to the making of Richard Roe. His ancestors on both sides have been human, and that for many and many generations, so that "the knowledge of man runneth not to the contrary." Even the prehuman ancestry, dimly seen by the faith of science, had in it the potentialities of manhood. Descended for countless ages from man and woman, man born of woman, Richard Roe surely is. We may go farther with certainty. Richard Roe will follow the race-type of his parentage. If he is Anglo-Saxon, as his name seems to denote, all Anglo-Saxon by blood, he will be all Anglo-Saxon in quality. To his characters of common humanity we may add those proper to the race. He will not be Negro nor Mongolian, and he will have at least some traits and tendencies not found in the Latin races of southern Europe.

But his friends will know Richard Roe best, not by the great mass of his human traits nor by his race characteristics. These may be predominant and ineradicable, but they are not distinctive. To them he will be a Roe rather than an Anglo-Saxon. He must be known by his peculiarities, — by his specialties and his deficiencies. Within the narrowest type there is room for the broadest play in the minor variations. For almost any possible one of these Richard Roe could find warrant in his ancestry. Only his combination of them must be his own. That is his individuality. Color of the eyes and hair, length of nose, hue of

skin, form of ears, size of hands, character of thumb-prints,—in all these and ten thousand other particulars, some allotment must fall to Richard Roe.

He must have some combination of his own, for nature has "broken the die" in moulding each of his ancestors and will tolerate no servile copy of any of her works. By the law of sex, Richard Roe has twice as many ancestors as his father or mother had. Therefore these could give him anything they had severally received from their own parents. The hereditary gifts must be divided in some way, else Richard Roe would be speedily overborne by them. Furthermore any system of division nature may adopt could only be on the average an equal division. Richard Roe's father could say, "With half my qualities I thee endow," his mother furnishing the other half. Nature tries to arrange for some partition like this. But she can never divide evenly. Besides, some qualities will not bear division. Richard Roe's share forms a sort of mosaic, made partly of unchanged characters standing side by side in new combinations, partly a mixture of characters, and, in part, characters in perfect blending.

The physical reason for all this, science is just beginning to trace. The machinery of division and integration it finds in the germ-cell itself—the egg and its male cognate. At the same time it finds that nature's love of variation is operative even here. She has never yet made two eggs or two sperm-cells exactly alike.

The germ-cell, male or female,—and the two are alike in all characters essential to this discussion,—is one of the vital units or body-cells set apart for a special purpose. It is not essentially different from other cells, either in structure or in origin. But in its growth it is capable of repeating, "with the precision of a work of art," the whole organism from which it came. The germ-cell is made up of protoplasm, a jelly-like substance, less simple than it appears, not a "substance" at all, in fact, but a structure as complex as any in nature. In connection with protoplasmic structure all known phenomena of life are shown. Inside the germ-cell, or in any other cell, is a smaller cellule called the nucleus. In connection with the nucleus appear most of the phenomena of hereditary transmission. In the higher animals its structure is a complicated arrangement of loops and bands, the substance of which these are made being called chromatin. This name, chromatin, is given because its substance takes a deeper stain or color (in Greek, *chroma*) than ordinary protoplasm or other cell-materials. In the chromatin, it is supposed, are the determinants of heredity, and these preside in some way over all movements and all changes of the protoplasm.

In the fertilized egg, the mixed chromatin of the two cells which have been fused into one may be said to contain the architect's plan

after which the coming animal is to be built up. In the mixed chromatin of the cell which is to grow and to divide, to separate and integrate, till it forms Richard Roe, the potentialities of Richard Roe all lie in some way hidden. How this is we cannot tell. We know that the structure of a single cell is a highly complex matter, more complex than the Constitution of the United States, with a far more perfect system of checks and balances. When we can understand all that takes place in a single cell we shall "know what God and Man is." It is not, like the Constitution of our nation, a simple written document with definite powers and definite limitations. It may rather be compared to the unwritten constitution of civilization, and a single cell may hold in potentiality even all that this supposed constitution may embrace.

It is not easy, for example, to understand how Richard Roe's tone of voice, or the color of his hair, or his ear for music, or other hereditary qualities can be thus hidden. But so they seem to be, and if science should stop whenever she came to a mystery, the growth of knowledge would be hemmed in very narrowly indeed.

When nature is getting the germ-cells ready this hereditary material is increased in each one, and then again divided and subdivided, till in the ripened cell but half the usual amount is present. The cell is then ready to unite with its fellow of the opposite sex to form a perfect cell. From this, under favorable circumstances, the great alliance of cells which constitute the body of Richard Roe is built up.

Nature makes her divisions evenly enough, but never quite equally. She is satisfied with an approximate equality, better satisfied than if she could make a perfect division. She knows no straight lines; she never made a perfect sphere, and she takes the corner away from every angle. It satisfies her desire for likeness to have her children almost alike. Exact symmetry would exclude variation, for which she cares still more, and for good reason. If her creatures are left unlike, it is so much the easier for her to find places for them in the crowded world of life. Moreover, unlikeness gives play for selection. She can save her favorites and discard her failures.

So in the chromatin of his two parent cells Richard Roe finds his potentialities, his capacities, and his limitations. But latent in these are other capacities and other limitations, handed down from earlier generations. Each grandfather and grandmother has some claim on Richard Roe, and, behind these, dead hands from older graves are still beckoning in his direction. The past will not let go, but with each generation the dust or the crust grows deeper over it. Moreover, these old claims grow less and less with time, because with each new generation there are twice as many competitors. Besides this, as we

shall see beyond, these past generations can make no claim on him except through the agency of his own parents.¹

Out of these elements Mr. Galton frames the idea of a "mid-parent," a sort of centre of gravity of heredity, which in language, not algebra, would represent the same set of ideas. But, as Dr. Brooks has observed, "It may be well to ask what evidence there is that the child does inherit from any ancestor except its parents, for descent from a long line of ancestors is not necessarily equivalent to inheritance from them, and it is quite possible that the conception of a 'mid-parent' may be nothing but a logical abstraction." The parents of Richard Roe were his father and mother, not his grandfather or grandmother, nor yet the whole human race, in one of the chains of which he forms a single link. When a son inherits his maternal grandfather's beard it is really his mother's beard which he acquires. It is the beard which his mother would have had, had she been a man.²

The personal peculiarities recognizable in the father are different

¹ We may sum up Richard Roe's inheritance in algebraic formulæ as follows:

Let A be the aggregate of species and race characters inherited from the father. Let A' be the species and race characters inherited from the mother. Then $\frac{A + A'}{2 + 2}$, as $A = A'$, will be simply

A: A forms the greater part of Richard Roe in numerical aggregate, but in the Anglo-Saxon race it is an invariable quantity, and therefore not of importance in making up the characters by which we know him from his fellows.

Let B be the recognizable peculiarities of the father, and B' the recognizable peculiarities of the mother. How shall these be divided? Obviously not more than $\frac{B + B'}{2 + 2}$ could go to Richard Roe,

for his body cannot be made up exclusively of peculiarities. We may infer from Galton's studies, that these figures are in excess of the fact. In each process of generation, half these qualities, already once divided, are lost or rendered unrecognizable. To each parent, Galton assigns about twenty-five per cent of these personal qualities. Accepting this as approximate, $\frac{B}{4} + \frac{B'}{4}$ would be nearer the actual fact, and we may so take it. But the latent influence of the grandparents must come in, these represented by C, C', C'', and C''', respectively. In this case the divisor may apparently be 16, which corresponds to Galton's estimate of 6½ per cent. Should we wish to go farther back, the influence of the great-grandparents, D, D', D'', etc., eight of them, could be added, each with 64 as its divisor.

It is evident that these divisors are all proximate only, and varying at each cleavage of the germinal chromatin. The unknown and fluctuating element in this division we may designate as

$\pm n$. Hence $\frac{B}{4 \pm n}$ would represent the direct heritage from his father to Richard Roe. Then $A + \frac{B}{4 \pm n} + \frac{B'}{4 \pm n} + \frac{C}{16 \pm n^2} + \frac{C'}{16 \pm n^2} + \frac{C''}{16 \pm n^2} + \frac{C'''}{16 \pm n^2} + \frac{8 D \text{ etc.}}{64 \pm n^3} + \frac{16 E \text{ etc.}}{256 \pm n^4}$, etc., will be our first rough draft of the hereditary framework of Richard Roe.

² In that case the formula given in the above note would be modified to this extent: the value of C, D, E, etc., would be limited to the hereditary characters latent but undeveloped in B, etc. Their value would be less than B, for some part of B would have to be subtracted from each of them. For it is evident that the inheritance from the grandparents and from far-off ancestors came through the parents. If not active in them, these hereditary qualities must have been latent, and, in either case, they came from them to Richard Roe. In strictness the inheritance of C, D, E, etc., are included in B, as are also the race qualities and the qualities of the species. To what extent Richard Roe will show personal individuality depends on the value of A as compared with B, B', etc.; in other words, on the lack of uniformity in his pedigree. If B, C, D, and the rest were very closely alike, as is the case with "thoroughbreds," the differential elements will be small, and the complete Richard Roe will be very like the rest of them. If B, C, D, are small quantities, and

C, etc.
A + B essentially similar to A + D, the addition of $\frac{C}{16 \pm n^2}$ will count for but little in the aggregate.

from those seen in the mother. The son cannot inherit all from both sources. Certainly not more than half could come from either source, for the new generation could not be built of peculiarities alone. The old large common heritage must always have precedence. Galton has made a calculation based on wide observations, that on the average twenty-five per cent of the individual peculiarities are directly inherited from each parent. On the average, each parent exerts the same force of heredity. Half the characters come from each, but in each half it would appear that about one-half is lost or rendered unrecognizable by other variation or by contradictory blendings. The first division of qualities in half is necessary and natural, for there are two parents. The second division in half is an arbitrary assumption which seems to find its warrant in Galton's studies. We might assume without theoretical difficulty a third or a fifth as being preserved intact among possible variations and combinations. One-half, however, seems nearer the fact, and to find the fact is the only purpose of theory. To the characters received from the parents we must add the latent influence of grandparents, great-grandparents, and the long series of dead hands which, however impotent, can never wholly let go. As the smallest wave must go on till it crosses the ocean, so the influence of every ancestor must go on to the end of the generations of life. Each of us must feel in a degree the strength¹ or weakness of each one of them. To each grandparent Galton assigns $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. There are four grandparents, and two stages of generation separate them from Richard Roe. Half the force of each, twice lost, seems to give to each grandparent one-fourth the potency in heredity the father or mother has. In the same way, to the great-grandparent we must assign the relation of $1\frac{1}{16}$ per cent (one-sixty-fourth), and so on.

The "bluer" the blood, that is, the more closely alike these ancestors are, the greater will be the common factor, the less the amount derived from the individual. In perfect thorough-breeding, the individual should have no peculiarities at all. This condition is never reached, but it may sometimes be approximated. In such case the addition of an ancestral sixteenth or sixty-fourth could make no visible change. This may be true among the very bad as well as among the very good. Weakness or badness is more often thoroughbred than strength or virtue. The bluest of blood may run in the veins of the pauper as well as in those of the aristocrat who boasts that $\frac{W}{2,147,473,648n \pm}$ in his formula stands for William the Norman. And for Richard Roe's own sake let us hope that he is not too thoroughbred, and that he has no record of W and W^{'''}, nor even of E. Too narrow a line of descent

¹ "Lo, these large ancestors have left a trace

Of their strong souls in mine, defying Death and Time." — H. H. Boyesen.

tends to intensify weaknesses. Vigor and originality come from the mingling of variant elements. Nature does not favor "in-and-in" breeding. There is no loss to the individual if decided and different qualities come from father or mother. Contradictory or even incongruous peculiarities are better than none at all.

Ancestry, too, like wine, becomes stale if it remains too long in the sunshine. An ancestry which is readily traced has lived too long in easy places. Great men are developed in obscurity. A few generations of successful dealing with small matters may prepare the way for the power to deal with great ones. Wisdom is knowing what to do next, and wisdom may exist in humble places as well as in conspicuous fields of action.

Again, at the time of Richard Roe's birth, the formula of his father was slowly changing under the reaction toward activity or to idleness, resulting from his efforts and his circumstances. It is no longer what it was originally. Changes constantly arise from the experiences of life, the stress of environment, the reduction of "mental friction," the formation of automatic nerve-connections or habits, the growth that arises through voluntary effort, the depression coming from involuntary work or idleness, the degeneration through the vitiation of nerve-honesty caused by stimulants or vice, the deterioration due to spurious pleasures that burn and burn out. Each of these may have come to the father of Richard Roe, and each one may have left its mark on him. The fairy's wand and the fool-killer's club each leaves an indelible trace whenever it is used. Through these influences¹ every man is changed from what he was or what he might have been to what he is.

Lamarck's much disputed "Fourth Law" of development reads as follows: "All that has been acquired, begun, or changed in the structure of the individuals in their lifetime is preserved in reproduction and transmitted to the new individuals which spring from those who have inherited the change."

"Change of function produces change of structure," so Herbert Spencer tells us; "it is a tenable hypothesis that changes of structure thus produced are inherited."

But though this may be a tenable hypothesis, the opposite hypoth-

¹ Let X be the aggregate of gains and Y of losses due to these acquired qualities. In the case of the mother these may be X' and Y' . In this case X and Y and X' and Y' represent large factors, but excessively diverse and varying, affecting in some degree all the qualities contained in the symbols B and B' . Richard Roe's father would then be $A + B + X - Y$. His mother $A + B' + X' - Y'$. These added numbers mark the change from what these two ought to have been or would naturally have been toward what they are. How much of this is inherited? How do these characters affect Richard Roe? How much of X and Y shall we place in his formula of life? Some learned investigators, notably August Weismann, say that these changes count for nothing in heredity. X and Y spend their force on the generation that develops them. Acquired characters are never inherited. Other investigators, equally wise, Herbert Spencer for example, do not admit that any gain or loss to the individual is without its effect on succeeding generations, and thus on the species. X and Y are inherited just as B or B' may be.

esis has not been clearly shown to be intenable. It seems to be true that any great physical weakness on the part of Richard Roe's parents would tend to lower his constitutional vigor, whatever the origin of such weakness might be. If so, such weakness might appear as a large deficiency in his power of using his equipment. His vital momentum would be small. It may be, too, that any high degree of training, as in music or mathematics, might determine in the offspring the line of least resistance for the movement of his faculties. Perhaps mental friction in the offspring is less in the directions indicated by the mental efforts of the parent. Perhaps Richard Roe would find mathematics easier had his father devoted his life to exercise of that kind. But we are not sure that this is so. We do not know yet on what terms X and Y and X' and Y' are passed over to Richard Roe, or whether they are passed on to him at all. In the view of Herbert Spencer X and Y are inherited¹ just as A and B are. According to Weismann and his followers these are not subjects of heredity at all.

I cannot pretend to say what will be the final decision of science in regard to this vexed question. I venture to suggest that in Lamarck's law and in the theories of many of his modern followers, too high value has been set, not on X and Y , but on $\frac{X}{Q}$ and $\frac{Y}{Q}$. On the other hand, if these fractions are really equal to zero, if acquired characters are absolutely of no value in heredity, some problems in biology we have thought easy become tremendously complicated. We must rewrite a large portion of the literature of sociology. We must give a new diagnosis to Ibsen's "Ghosts." We must, in fact, do this in any event, for inheritance such as the Norwegian dramatist pictures belongs not to heredity at all, but is to be sought for among the phenomena of transmission and nutrition. In the same realm are probably the "spent passions and vanished sins" that certain psychologists find trace of in heredity.

One more element, likewise of doubtful value, must be added to the inventory of Richard Roe. This is the element of prenatal influence on the part of his mother.

In the process of evolution, the development of the female has brought her to be more and more the protector and helper of the young. She gives to her progeny not only her share of its heredity, but she becomes more and more a factor in its development.

In the mammalia, the little egg is retained long in the body, and

¹ Let us assume that they are inherited in some degree, and let us represent this inheritance of acquired characters as $\frac{X + X' - Y - Y'}{Q}$. The divisor Q , affecting acquired characters of the parent, is an unknown quantity of large and perhaps variable value. If large, the value of the fraction will be correspondingly small. In Weismann's view, Q should equal infinity, in which case $\frac{X}{Q}$ or $\frac{Y}{Q}$ would be nothing at all. This would be the symbol of non-inheritance.

fed, not with food yolk, but with the mother's blood. The "gate of gifts" among mammals is not closed with the process of fertilization as it is in the lower forms. If the help of favorable environment can be counted as a gift, this gift continues so long as the influence of the mother remains. By the growth of the human family, the gift of environment becomes a lifelong influence. The father as well as the mother becomes a part of it. In Walt Whitman's words:

His own parents (he that had fathered him and she that had conceived him in her womb and birth'd him),
They gave this child more of themselves than that,
They gave afterward every day, they became part of him.

It has long been a matter of common belief that among mammals a special formative influence is exerted by the mother in the period between conception and birth. The patriarch Jacob is reputed to have made a thrifty use of this influence in dealing with Laban. This belief is part of the folk-lore of almost every race of intelligent men. In translations published by Carmen Silva, that gifted woman whom kind nature made a poet and cruel fortune a queen, we find these words from a Roumanian peasant woman:

My little child is lying in the grass,
His face is covered with the blades of grass;
While I did bear the child, I ever watched
The reaper work, that it might love the harvests;
And when the boy was born, the meadow said:
"This is my child."

In the current literature of hysterical ethics, we find all sorts of exhortations to mothers to do this and not to do that, to cherish this and avoid that, on account of its supposed effect on the child to come. Long lists of cases have been reported illustrating the law of prenatal influences. Most of these records serve only to induce scepticism. Many of these are mere coincidences, some are unverifiable, some grossly impossible, and some read like the certificates of patent medicines. There is an evident desire to make a case rather than to tell the truth.¹ The whole matter is much in need of serious study.

Dr. Weismann ridicules all these claims, and believes that all forms of mother's marks, prenatal influences, and the like are relics of mediæval superstition. Other authorities of equal rank, as Prof. Henry F. Osborn, are convinced that these supposed influences exist, and are occasionally made evident. Doubtless most of the current stories of prenatal influ-

¹For example, Dr. Fearn cites the following case: "A mother witnessed the removal of one of the bones (metacarpal) from her husband's hand, which greatly shocked and alarmed her. A short time after, she had a child who was born without the corresponding bone which was removed from the father." (Report of Med. Assoc. of Ala., 1880, as quoted by Dr. S. B. Elliott in *THE ARENA*, March, 1891, p. 424.) If this statement is true, our ideas of the formation and dissolution of parts of the skeleton must be materially changed. We must believe either that the metacarpal bones are formed just before birth, after all the rest of the skeleton, or else that bones once formed may be at once reabsorbed under the influence of nervous shock or hysteria.

ence are products of self-deception or of plain lying. Probably the period of gestation is too short to produce far-reaching changes in hereditary endowments. On the other hand, doubt and ridicule are not argument, and there may be some reality in influences in which the world has so long believed. But these phenomena, if existing, belong to the realm of abnormal nerve action, as affecting prenatal nutrition, not to heredity. They would be least likely to occur at all in the life of the healthy mother. The less worry given to them the better.

Besides these, there are many phenonema of transmitted qualities that cannot be charged to heredity. Just as a sound mind demands a sound body, so does a sound child demand a sound mother. Bad nutrition before as well as after birth may neutralize the most valuable inheritance within the germ-cell. Even the father may transmit weakness in development as a handicap to hereditary strength. The many physical vicissitudes between conception and birth may determine the rate of early growth, or the impetus of early development. In a sense, the first impulse of life comes from such sources outside the germ-cell and therefore outside of heredity. All powers may be affected by it. Perfect development¹ demands the highest nutrition, an ideal never reached. Thus the child may bear the incubus of Ibsen's "Ghosts," for which it had no personal responsibility. "Spent passions and vanished sins" may impair germ-cells, as they destroy the organs that produce them.

The plan of Richard Roe's life as prepared at birth admits of many deviations. Every wind that blows will change it a little. These elements themselves are of varied character. They do not belong together, nor are they held in place by any "ego," except that made by the cell alliance on which they depend. Experiences of life will tend to reduce or destroy some of these elements. Some of them will be systematic-

¹ The value of the prenatal influences acting upon Richard Roe we may indicate as Z, giving the symbol an indefinite and, if you please, a low value. We must then represent the perfection of transmission by T, and T is a fraction, large or small, but always less than unity. It would stand as a reducing agency, and as such in algebra it would be best represented as a divisor or fraction.

The whole formula may be multiplied by $\frac{1}{T} \pm$, a process, like the process Z, which, if it exists, is an extension of T, intervening between conception and birth. Thus at birth we may designate Richard Roe by the formula $\frac{1}{T} \left(A + \frac{B}{4 \pm n} + \frac{B'}{4 \pm n} + \frac{C}{16 \pm n^2} + \frac{C'}{16 \pm n^2} \text{ etc.} + \frac{D}{64 \pm n^3} + \frac{D'}{64 \pm n^3} \text{ etc.} + \frac{E}{156 \pm n^4} \text{ etc.} + \frac{F}{1024 \pm n^5} \text{ etc.} + \frac{X}{Q} + \frac{X'}{Q} + \frac{Y}{Q} + \frac{Y'}{Q} + Z \right)$.

This formula may be translated into intelligibility as follows: Richard Roe has the sum of species characters: race characters; one unequal fourth of father's peculiarities; one unequal fourth of mother's peculiarities; one sixteenth of paternal grandfather's peculiarities; one sixteenth from maternal grandfather; one sixteenth from each grandparent; one sixty-fourth from each great-grandparent, etc.; an unknown part of the gain through the father's activity; an unknown part of gain through the mother's activity; an unknown part of loss through the idleness or non-development of each; an unknown chance through prenatal influences received through hysterical conditions of the mother; the whole multiplied or divided by the influences arising from transmission or early cell nutrition. But this at birth he actually is not. These symbols indicate only potentialities. These make up the architect's plan on which his life is to be built.

ally fostered or checked by those who determine Richard Roe's education. The final details will be beyond prediction. The Ego, or self, in the life of Richard Roe is the sum of his inheritance, bound together by the resultant of the consequences of the thoughts and deeds which have been performed by him, and perhaps by others also. Thus each day in his life goes to form a link in the chain which binds his life processes together. The vanished yesterdays are the tyrants of to-morrow. The greater heredity is the heredity made by ourselves.

The art of life is in a large degree the process of "holding oneself together." The Ego is the expression of the result of this process. Just as "England" exists only as the coöperation of all Englishmen, so does the mental Ego exist only in the coördination of nerve-cells. The theory that the Ego is a separate being which plays on the organs of the brain as a musician on the keys of a piano belongs not to science, but to poetry. As well think of England as a disembodied organism that plays on the hearts of Englishmen, leading them to acts of glory or of shame. This, too, might be poetry. It is not fact.

The unity of life, which is its sanity, depends on bringing the various elements to work as one force. Duality or plurality in life, the "leading of a double life" of any sort, is an evidence of some kind of failure or disintegration. "Science finds no Ego, self, or will that can maintain itself against the past." In other words, from the past, its inheritance and its experience, the elements of the present are always drawn. The consciousness of man is not the whole of man. It is not an entity working among materials foreign to itself. It is rather the flame that flickers over embers set on fire long before, and whose burning may go on long after the individual flame has ceased to be.

"The soul," says Dr. Edward A. Ross, "is not a spiritual unit, but a treacherous compound of strange contradiction and warring elements, with traces of spent passions and vestiges of ancient sins, with echoes of forgotten deeds and survivals of vanished habits." Moreover, "science tells us of the conscious and subconscious, of higher nerve-cells and lower, of double cerebrum and wayward ganglia. It hints at many voiceless beings that live out in our body their joy and pain, and scarce give sign — dwellers in the subcentres, with whom, it may be, often lies the initiative when the conscious centre thinks itself free."

Of course, some of the above-quoted phraseology is figurative, and could not be applied literally to the personality — Richard Roe. His consciousness arises from the coöperative action of his higher nerve-cells. That it arises from many, not from any particular one, is the source of the feeling that the consciousness exists apart from them all. But this is only a semblance, and the elements of which his per-

sonality is made have been in one way or another used before him by many others.

With all this, we may be sure that the stream of Richard Roe's life will not rise much above its fountain. He will have no powers far beyond those potential in his ancestors. But who can tell what powers are latent in these? It takes peculiar conditions to bring any group of qualities into general notice. The men who are famous in spite of an unknown ancestry are not necessarily very different from this ancestry. Fame is a jutting crag which may project from a very low mountain. Far higher elevations do not catch the eye if their outline is not unusual. Even under the plebeian name by which "Fate tried to conceal him," Richard Roe may receive a noble heritage. Doubtless it may be passed on to the next generation, not the less noble because it has not been exposed to the distortions of fame. Real greatness is as often the expression of the wisdom of the mother as of anything the father may have been or done. As society is now constituted, the great hearts and brains of the future may be looked for anywhere. They will not fail to come when needed, and in most cases they will appear unheralded by ancestral notoriety.

I said just now that Richard Roe had twice as many ancestors as his father or his mother. This is self-evident, but it is not literally true. There is a vast interlocking of families. Over and over again strains of blood have crossed, and the same person, and therefore the whole of this person's ancestors, will be found in many different places in a single pedigree. The lack of old records obscures this fact. That crossing and recrossing must occur countless times is evident from a moment's consideration. We can show mathematically that the child of to-day must have had at the time of Alfred the Great an ancestry of 870,672,000-000 persons. In the time of William the Conqueror (thirty generations) this number reaches 8,598,094,592. This is shown by the ordinary process of computation—two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, and so on. As the number of Englishmen in Alfred's time, or even in William's, was but a very small fraction of these numbers, most of these ancestors must have been repeated many times in the calculation. Each person who leaves descendants is a link in the great chain of life, or rather a strand in life's great network. The blood of each single person in Alfred's time who left capable descendants enduring to our day is represented in every family of strict English descent. In other words, every Englishman is descended from Alfred the Great; as very likely also from the peasant woman whose cakes Alfred is reputed to have burned. Moreover, there are few if any who do not share the blood of William the Conqueror. Most ancestral lines, if they could be traced, would go back to him by a hun-

dred different strains. In fact, there are few families in the south and east of England who have not more Norman blood than the present royal family. The House of Guelph holds the throne not through nearness to William, but through primogeniture, a thing very different from heredity.

Mr. Edward J. Edwards, of Minneapolis, has recently sent me some very interesting studies in genealogy yet unpublished. These concern the lineage of his little daughter, my niece, Mary Stockton Edwards.

Mr. Edwards finds that the little girl, like millions of others, is descended through at least two different lines from William the Conqueror. The lineage of one of these leads in thirty-two generations through the family names of Jordan, Hawley, Waldo, Elderkin, Drake, Grenville, Courteney, de Bohun, and Plantagenet to William the Conqueror. Sir Humphrey de Bohun married Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter of King Edward I. In the ancestry of King Edward are the Saxon kings Cedric, Egbert, Alfred, and Ethelred, while intermarriage with other royal lines brings in Hengist, Hugh Capet, Charlemagne, Otho the Great, Duncan, Rurik, Igor, San Fernando, and a host of other notables of whom one would have less right to be proud. The Courteney's, earls of Devon, are again descended from the royal lines of France (Hugh Capet) and Russia, but not from William the Conqueror. To Courteney and Plantagenet again the Edwards lineage has been traced along another and quite different line.

The seventy family names, more or less, traced in the first series, containing perhaps a thousand representatives, are only so many out of billions, if there were no duplications. If there had been no repetitions, there would be instead of the thousand known ancestors, four billions of persons between Mary Stockton Edwards and William the Conqueror. This genealogy is therefore but a strand from an enormous network, which if written out in full would cover the earth with names. Only through the family pride of the Courteney's and Drake's this fragment of personal descent and personal history happened to be preserved. By mere chance, the plebeian record of the plebeian descendants of the Puritan John Drake of Windsor forms a junction with the sacred annals of the English peerage.

Most of the English people named in these records lived in Devon and Sussex, from which region their descendants came to America. The subordinate lines traced out lead to the feudal lords of these two counties. The interesting fact, however, is that in this there is nothing exceptional. These people in America were New-England farmers for the most part, squires, and shipwrights, with a lineage or character in no respect singular. Their sole important heritage was "the Puritan conscience."

Studies of this kind show clearly that *primogeniture* is mainly responsible for the difference between Roundhead and Cavalier, between Royalist and Puritan. Roundheads and Puritans were descended from daughters and younger brothers. The "blue blood" flows in England only in the veins of the eldest son. But the eldest sons of the eldest sons form but a very small fragment of the whole. Galton's remark to the effect that the character of England has suffered through the segregation of her strongest representatives as nobility, exposed to the deteriorating influences of ease and unearned power, is scarcely justified. A few individuals have suffered perhaps, but not England. The nobility are only the conspicuous few. The rest have joined the mass of common men whose greatness makes England great.

One of the many daughters of some king marries a nobleman. Later a scion of nobility is joined to some squire. Some daughter of a squire is married to a farmer. The farmer's children thus have royal blood in their veins. Or, by reverse process, plebeian blood may enter — and to its advantage — the bluest of nobility. The thirty generations of Englishmen since William's time each contains a far and wide mixture of blood. That the descendants of the old nobility are alive to-day indicates that in the main each individual has a sound heredity. For a rotten link means the breaking of the chain. Even royal blood is not necessarily degenerate. That which became so has been strengthened by plebeian strains. There can be few if any Englishmen or Americans to-day that have not royal blood in their veins. There is probably not a king living who has not somewhere in his ancestry the bar sinister of the common peasant. For of one blood, after all, are all the nations of the earth, as well as the men that make up these nations.

Another necessary conclusion is this, that race characteristics imply direct personal relationship among those who exhibit them. The Englishmen of to-day are English in temperament because they are related by blood. They are the variously intermingled descendants of some few robust families of a thousand years ago, a hundred thousand of them all at the most. "Saxon and Norman and Dane are we." From these families, Dane, Norman, and Saxon, the weak, the infertile, and the unfortunate are constantly undergoing elimination, leaving the strong and fecund to persist. The withered branches are only continued through the charity which enables the pauper to subsist, or through bad social conditions which propagate the criminal. Pauperism, criminality, and folly have their lineage, but it is not a long one; and wiser counsel will make it shorter than it now is.

This persistence of the strong shows itself in the prevalence of the leading qualities in the dominant strains. To these ruling ancestors every line of genealogy will be found to lead, when we come to fol-

low it backward. We may reach these from one to a thousand times each in the following up of different ancestral lines.

The growth of colonial types of Englishmen comes from the narrowing of the range of crossing and from intermarriage with lines not English. This occurs most frequently outside of England. "What do they of England know who only England know?" This is especially frequent in the United States. But already these varied strains are uniting to form a "Brother Jonathan" as definite in qualities and as "set in his ways" as his ancestor, the traditional "John Bull."

Race types thus arise from the "survival of the existing," its best results being modified and preserved by the "survival of the fittest." Actual presence in a country of certain ancestral types is the first element. Their characters become workable, durable, and at last "ineradicable" by the survival of those persons in whom these traits blend to form an effective character.

THE TRUE EVOLUTION.

BY THE EDITOR.

NO subject is of greater importance than that which considers *the Natural History of Life*. The question in some sense underlies the philosophy of our age, and constitutes its most essential theme. The laws and processes whereby our world and the plants and animals that possess it have come into being are of the profoundest interest, not only to the scholar, but to every right-minded man and woman.

I shall here present a brief review of the doctrine of evolution; not that I expect to throw new and original light on the nature of the laws by which the organic forms of the natural world have come into existence; not that I have myself enlarged by observation and experience the domain of scientific knowledge; but it is my hope rather to mark with some distinctness the stage at which the doctrine of evolution has now arrived as it relates to our globe, the animals which inhabit it, and the institutions which mankind have created.

It is now thirty-eight years since Charles Robert Darwin published his "Origin of Species." That work produced a great agitation in the upper circles of human thought. It became the source of a vast controversial literature. A mere catalogue of the books to which the Darwinian hypothesis gave rise is enough to astonish the inquirer. Thirty-six octavo pages in Spengel's "*Darwinische Theorie*" are occupied with the simple titles of the works elicited by the "Origin of Species." Nearly four hundred guns, great and small, have been opened from the philosophical redoubts of the world to demolish the modest book which offered the first strictly rational explanation of the diversities of life on our globe.

The question discussed by Darwin was fundamental. If the hypothesis of evolution should be accepted as true it was perceived that there must be a revision of several long-accepted opinions. But to revise an opinion, to alter it, to give it up for another, has always been one of the most difficult and painful tasks imposed on the human mind. How hardly indeed do we give up the well-loved old errors of thought and belief, substituting for them unfamiliar and distrusted opinions suggested by the daring of the age!

As has often happened under like conditions the attack on the new disturbing doctrine was made from many quarters. Darwinism (for the term was soon invented) was confronted by several antagonists who

went forth to battle on *scientific* grounds. It was held that the "Origin of Species" was not a work of science, but a speculative treatise, which might or might not contain some grains of truth. It was urged that the author of the book, though admitted to be a painstaking observer of certain groups of facts relating to animal life, was wanting in the power of induction; that his generalizations were hasty, partial, and inaccurate.

In the second place, the new theory of living forms was combated by a class of persons called philosophers, as distinguished from scientists. By these it was alleged that Darwinism has no *philosophical* basis on which to rest. It was said to be the vagary of an eccentric mind, unskilled in discovering the causes and relations of things, and rash to build up a fictitious system of thought, the principal value of which was its novelty.

In the third place, the theologians rallied to the onset. They denounced Darwin and his system in quite unmeasured terms. They attacked his hypothesis as inimical to the God-idea in nature. Without having—in many instances—read his book or really scrutinized the character and tendency of the new doctrine, they laid about them with an activity and acrimony the energy of which was inversely as the discretion. The spectacle which the zealots of the seventh and eighth decades present in the light of the afterfact is as little creditable to their understanding as it is complimentary to the spirit in which they made battle on the great naturalist and his teaching. They held up the Darwinian theory as the great demoralizing force of the age, and were fain to pour upon the kind of investigation to which the naturalist had devoted his life all the waters of the ancient odium. They declared that the new philosophy was intended to dethrone God and to extinguish every beneficent thing within the realm of human thought. All this was done in the face of the fact that Darwin himself, in the closing paragraph of the "Origin of Species," had entered a modest, sincere, and final protest against the possible misconstruction of his theory and interpretation of nature.

In the course of the full lifetime which has now elapsed since the Darwinian hypothesis was formally promulgated, the doctrine of evolution has steadily made its way. It has proceeded in the face of every species of opposition; and it is now safe to say that that doctrine, in its essential features, has triumphed over all other explanations of the natural history of life. Gradually it took possession of a few of the leading minds in the different civilized countries. From the greater intellects the light was reflected among the second class of thinkers—men who follow rather than lead. By these, in turn, the theory has now been disseminated among the masses, until, at last, its influence has been felt

even in the halls of American colleges! This last conquest may be regarded as the certain proclamation of the acceptance of the new interpretation of nature; for whenever an innovation in the intellectual world breaks through the bulwarks of an institution of formal learning, there is needed no further evidence of its omnipotence and universality.

What the Newtonian law of gravitation is to the understanding of the physical structure of nature, that the law of evolution has become to the natural history of life. The one is no more fundamental than the other. The one is hardly more firmly established than the other. The folly of the alleged physicist who would attack the Newtonian law is scarcely surpassed by the folly of the reputed naturalist or philosopher who would assail the general doctrine of evolution as applied to man and nature. But while this is true, it should not be forgotten that there is a false evolution as well as a true. There is an evolution which does not evolve, a development which does not develop, a struggle for life which does not struggle, a natural selection which does not select, and a survival of the fittest which does not survive. It is my purpose and hope in this article to indicate in a manner easily understood the lines of division between the true and the false in the doctrine of evolution, considered as an expression of the *modus operandi* of universal nature.

What, then, is the false evolution as distinguished from the true? What is that part of the hypothesis which has gained footing in human belief, but which better thinking and closer observation of the processes of nature have led us to reject? How shall we draw the line so as to eliminate from the theory so much thereof as cannot stand the test of right reason?

In reply I would say that two fundamental errors have been mixed in with the doctrine of evolution and by their commingling with the truth have greatly prejudiced the new doctrine and have delayed its acceptance by the intelligence of cautious men. These errors are:

1. That the doctrine of evolution accounts for, or has ever presumed to account for, the ultimate origin of life. The notion that the new hypothesis has assumed to deal with this most mysterious question and that it would fain explain by physical laws the beginning and source of life and the very act of that beginning, has somehow gone abroad on the tides; thinkers in every part of the civilized world have started up in alarm at the audacity of a doctrine which, if accepted, would remove all mystery from the world and make that great fact called Life amenable to the common laws of physics.

This view of the doctrine of evolution is wholly erroneous. So far as I know, none of the great philosophers who have accepted the

doctrine have assumed to solve, or even discuss, the question of the ultimate origin of life. On the contrary, nearly all of them have entered a distinct disclaimer of any purpose to explain either the *beginning* or the *end* of that group of phenomena which we call by the name of Life.

The True Evolution looks at the great fact of organization as Mirza looked at the river-tide rolling through the valley. The source of the river lies hidden in an impenetrable cloud, and the stream, after passing before the beholder's vision, enters again the thick mist which overhangs the lower part of the valley. It is thus that the current of life passes before the gaze of the evolutionist. He cannot penetrate—does not seek to penetrate—the *source* whence it issues or the *end* to which it tends.

With the true evolutionist the whole question is this: Given the *fact* of life, to know its *processes*. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the evolution hypothesis deals with the *modus operandi*, and not with the *vis creandi* of nature. Evolution proposes to account for all the phenomenal aspects of the world; to show the antecedents and consequents of every given fact; to note with admiration the beautiful laws of differentiation and growth by which the world and its inhabitants have come up from primordial conditions to their present stage of development, and even to sketch in outline the tendencies of nature and the indications of future results. But the true evolution does not assume, and has never assumed, to go beyond the facts, laws, and processes of organic being, to consider those transcendental questions which relate to the origin and the end of life.

The endless allegations which ignorance and owlish half-wisdom have made with respect to the scope and purpose of the doctrine of evolution are wholly gratuitous. The true evolutionist hears such charges with a smile. He remembers that every advanced step which science has hitherto made from the beginning until now has been opposed and misrepresented in like manner by those jealous and foolish people whose weakness it is never to learn that knowledge and belief are themselves in a process of constant evolution, and that the truth, as it is expounded in one age, can never be enforced by authority on another age. That kind of evolution which would transcend its legitimate field, leaving the questions of fact, of growth, of law, and of process to grope, half-blinded, in the mists which overhang the origin and the ultimate end of organic being is a false evolution and not a true.

2. The second general error which has found footing in public opinion is that the doctrine of evolution teaches that the various forms of existing life on the globe have been derived from other forms of life

different in *kind*, as well as in *degree* of development. It will ever remain one of the strange mistakes of this age that the evolutionists have been made to teach what they do not teach and have not taught, namely, that the higher orders of animals and plants in the world have been derived from lower orders of a *different kind*. To be sure, the higher forms of life have been deduced from antecedent lower forms, and so on back and back to that primordial condition in which the various germs of life were not yet discriminable by scientific tests the one from the other. But let the difference be clearly perceived between the true evolution by which each present high form of life has been deduced from its primordial germ, maintaining forever, from the far beginning until now, its own identical life and integrity, and that crude pseudo-development which would make the present perfected organisms of the world to have been miscellaneously derived from a chaos of antecedent organisms different from themselves in essential kind and potentiality.

Herein is the difference between the two ideas — the one true, and the other false — expressed by the words evolution and development. The word evolution is the true term by which to express the fundamental law of nature. The word development, on the other hand, is misleading and withal unscientific. The one expresses and the other does not express the great process by which the organic forms of nature have come into being. The word development ought never to have found a place in the vocabulary of natural science. The term tends to create and perpetuate the crude and ridiculous notion that the higher animals and plants have somehow been grafted by nature on stocks of a kind different from themselves. The term in question is largely responsible for the absurd views which, for thirty-eight years, have been disseminated from the platform and rostrum and pulpit to the effect that the evolutionists are teaching that man has the simians for his ancestors.

This foolish assertion has perhaps been the most precious morsel which the ignorance of the nineteenth century has rolled under its tongue. The true evolution does not teach, and has never taught, that man is the offspring of a monkey, or that any higher form of life is developed from a lower form different from itself *in kind*. Such a crossing of the lines of life as is implied in this spurious process of development would introduce so utter a confusion into the whole realm of nature as would make the return of original chaos a welcome event to every seeker after truth. That sort of process which would introduce this perpetual crossing and recrossing and divergence of the lines of life is precisely the kind of development which does not develop — a species of evolution which does not evolve.

Let us, by a fictitious example, illustrate the difference between

the true and the false evolution. Suppose that the readers of *THE ARENA* should make an excursion into the hill-country, and that while they are standing in a grove a tremendous bald eagle, his fierce eyeballs glancing right and left, should pass on rapid wing above. One of our number might take up the theme and say: "Six months ago I saw that great bird, and he was less than one-half his present size. He was incapable of extended flight and could only sustain himself in an irregular way on wing for a few rods at a time. Two months previously I saw him, and he was only the size of a quail. He was covered with down instead of feathers. He could not fly at all, but lay with one or two others like himself in a nest of sticks, up in his eyrie, on a cliff. Two months previously I saw him, and he was imprisoned in a shell of chalk. He was no larger than a catbird. His organs were rudimentary, and his life was sustained with a supply of pabulum which he had never swallowed, but which was nevertheless in his crop! Three weeks previously I saw him, and he consisted of a palpitating spot smaller than a pea, and swung by a few almost microscopic filaments in a mass of oil globules and albumen!"

This statement of the stages of eagle-life might well be thought astounding by those unacquainted with the facts. But for the well-established facts in the premises, such a statement would be received with utter incredulity. Some would say that it was unscientific; others, that it was subversive of philosophy; others, that it was inimical to religion and the moral order of the world! True enough, such assertions are not made, for the sufficient reason that the alleged stages in the evolution of the eagle are subject to verification. None of the stages are lost by distance in the past or inaccessibility of situation.

But now suppose, secondly, that our readers, returning from the excursion, should find in a journal or magazine the following paragraph: "It appears that the attention of *THE ARENA* family has been recently directed to the theory of development. During an excursion into the hill-country, a discourse was delivered by a prominent member of the Association for the Promotion of the Natural Sciences, suggested by the flight of a bald eagle overhead. It was said by the learned speaker that a few months previously he had seen the same eagle, and that he was not an eagle, but an ordinary crow — *corvus Americanus*. Two months further back, the speaker had examined the bird which had just passed overhead, and he was neither eagle nor crow. Indeed, he was not at that stage of development a bird at all, but a small rodent quadruped — a rat. The professor went on to say that at a previous stage of the development he had examined the same creature, and it was not an eagle, not a crow, not a rodent, but an amphibian crouching on the brink of a pond — a frog. Finally it was said by the scholarly gentle-

man that a short time previous to the last stage mentioned he had examined the same creature which had recently passed overhead in the form of a bald eagle, and that it was a bit of protoplasm, floating in the green scum of a bayou. From all of which it appears that the rise of the bald eagle from the frog-pond has been a process as jagged and divergent as it is incredible."

From this supposititious example it is easy to discover the radical difference between the true and the false in science. The crude notion of evolution has been that one form of life springs from another form of life of a lower order, and a *different kind*. As a matter of fact, evolution does teach that the perfected form comes from a lower form, and that from a lower, but not from a form different in kind. Evolution does not teach, and has never taught, that the bald eagle was once a crow or a frog. It teaches that the eagle was always an eagle, that the germinal potency of the protoplasmic cell from which the eagle has been evolved looked ever eagleward, and never crowward or frogward at all. The primordial germ of this eaglehood had in it the qualities and potencies of the fully developed eagle, and of nothing else whatsoever. That germ was impressed with no other quality or potency.

Every species of living creature in the universe has, we think, maintained its integrity from the beginning until now. The lines of life, though in the primordial stages of existence they lay closely bound together, have never crossed at all. They will never cross — can never cross — while the frame of nature stands. The individuality of every species of living creatures is a thing as sacred and inviolable as is the integrity of the individual life. True, the species differentiates, just as the individual displays his varying powers and attributes; but in both cases the identity is preserved. A given animal at his present stage of evolution must be regarded as *the same* specifically that he always was; but he is the same in this sense that he has been evolved through a long series of antecedent changes, each of which, from the protoplasmic state, has been a nearer and still nearer approach to his present character and perfection. This process of organization has gone on through untold ages from the time when the earth was barely sufficiently cooled to support the beginnings of vital phenomena; and it shall continue in the same order, until our earth shall sink to a temperature at which living beings can no longer maintain their existence on its surface or in its atmosphere or waters.

That which is now called Man was always *man*. However closely he may have been bound in organic relationship with the higher primates — however indiscriminable his body and mind may at one time have been from the barely sentient creatures of his companionship in the primitive state — he nevertheless had in him ever, potentially, all

the powers and attributes which he now displays or will ever display in all the tides of time. True, the ancestors of the man animal have been characterized by ignorance and weakness. Doubtless his animal frame was once less noble and beautiful than at present. Doubtless he was once covered with hair, and lived in dens and caves of the earth. Doubtless he existed in still lower forms. But mark this well—he was always man. He had in him, even in his most primitive form and aspect, all the potency of his still half-perfected nature. And what is true of man is true of every other form and fashion of life within the confines of nature. Every species of living organism has, as I believe, come up by a like process of evolution from its own primordial germ. Each has obeyed its own law of growth. Each is at present the result of the wonderful antecedent forces which were impressed upon it in the hour and act of its beginning.

What then is the bottom principle of the True Evolution? It is this: The life of the *individual* is the epitome of the life of the *species* to which that individual belongs. The history of every species of living organism is summarized in the history of each of the several individuals which compose it. The very same process of growth which we behold in every organic life, from its germinal state to its complete development, has gone on and still continues in the species. The individual begins with the germ. The rest of his career is determined by the laws of evolution. He grows from a protoplasmic condition to the full measure of his power. His organs expand. He enters the stage of consciousness. From going prone on all fours, he rises and walks. He looks about him and beholds the panorama of nature. The phenomenal aspects and conditions of the external world react upon his faculties and senses, and thought begins in his brain. He becomes a thinker. He acquaints himself with the laws of his environment. He learns the story of the past. He observes the life of infancy in others, and conjectures that his own was the same. He reasons, imagines, and dreams. He grows old and dies, and the record closes with an epitaph. Such is a summary of the life of the individual, or at least so much of that life as is amenable to scientific investigation.

This life of the individual is the life of his species epitomized. Every species of organism in the world has had its own germ. Perhaps the same germ, parting into many germs in successive stages of the evolution, gives rise to many lines of life, each pursuing its own tendencies and reaching toward its own results. But the original germ was impressed with certain primary laws of growth, and all the rest is the work of evolutionary processes. So far as the *modus operandi* of universal nature is concerned, evolution expresses it all. Every form of existing vegetable and animal life, as well as those myriad forms

that have become extinct; all the aspects and energies displayed on the great globe; all the methods and means which the various races of living beings have adopted to maintain their existence and promote their welfare; all the social and political institutions of the human family; aye, the earth itself and her sister planets,—have obeyed, and will ever continue to obey, the one great law of evolution which has shaped and grouped and brought to completeness whatever is, and which holds all nature in its grasp.

Gradually and laboriously the human mind has risen to that height from which at last it is able to survey and understand the one great process of the natural world. The discovery has been like the opening of a vast landscape on the vision of the traveller patiently toiling toward the mountaintop. We now perceive that nature is nowhere distracted with cross-purposes—nowhere vexed with capricious whims and irregularities of action. All her work, from the beginning until now, has been constant in purpose and uniform in method. Nature has been as patient as she is persistent in working out the grand results of organic life. Her single pleasure has been expressed in her motherly affection and *preference for the higher form*. Her partiality is shown in nothing except in her beneficent provisions for the welfare and perpetuation of the noblest and most beautiful things which appear in her great garden of life. In carrying out her purpose, she employs a single unvarying method. It is simply to evolve a higher form of organic structure from the lower, by the process of growth and decay.

It is indeed one of the strangest things in the world that the law of universal growth has been so little appreciated as the prevailing principle in nature. Growth is the one great process of the natural world. Everything which we behold in field or brook, in forest or sky, aye, even in the mysterious depths of our own natures, has come to pass by this beautiful movement which we express by the general name of growth. It is well-nigh beyond comprehension that thinkers the world over should for so many ages have wasted their energies in discussing vain assumptions and balancing idle conjectures with respect to the methods of life, when the one great method of the universe has been crying out for utterance in every ephemeral insect and every blade of grass. The blindness of men to the one prevailing law of nature can be accounted for only on the hypothesis that the human mind in its present stage of development has a strong innate weakness to leave the obvious and to grope in the shadows of mystery. I sometimes think that just as children are pleased with marvels and phantoms and are with difficulty interested in clearly revealed facts, so the intellect of man, still in its half-infancy, prefers to deal with imagination

and possibilities rather than with the obvious and unmistakable lesson which nature has appointed him to learn.

Looking over the whole field, it appears to me clear as it respects the processes and methods by which the organic forms of nature have come into being, that the whole may be expressed by the law of evolution. All living structures seem to have been evolved from lower grades of structure by a process of growth, of which we have a complete epitome in the life of the individual. Nor is there in this theory of nature anything subversive of noble views of life and the highest possible estimate of ourselves. There is nothing in it against the belief in an immortal soul, the preservation of personal consciousness after the wreck of death, and a glorious estate beyond the dark ordeal of the tomb. On the contrary, it is the only really grand and ennobling concept of the order and method of the world. To suppose that the species begins in one way and the individual in another way, is fundamentally illogical, if not absurd. To allow that the individual is first germinal, then embryotic, then rudimentary, then half-developed, and finally complete in powers and consciousness, and at the same time to allow that the species of which the individual is the unit and brief example is—or was—born full-grown and full-blown is, if reason may be trusted, to allow that God is not a methodician, but an experimenter, and that He has an inconceivable preference for confusion instead of regularity of plan.

As a matter of fact, the individual is, from one point of view, a far grander object than the species; for we may allow that the species is transitory and subject to death and extinction. But hardly so the individual. If, in the case of the individual, nature is able to make a Laplace or a Leibnitz out of a protoplasmic germ by the simple processes of assimilation and growth, she is equally able, by the same simple and beautiful method, to bring forth a race and a universe. Her known preference for uniformity and her abhorrence for caprice in all those realms into which the inquiring spirit of man has been able to penetrate lead us with overwhelming force to the conviction that she has not adopted *two* plans in the universe where *one* is obviously sufficient. As a matter of fact she has not done so. In this, as in all things else, she has been uniform and consistent. She has produced every species of organic life in the world by a method precisely analogous, aye, identical with that which she employs in the production of the individual. It is simply the method of evolution by the natural processes of assimilation and growth.

What, then, does the True Evolution imply? What does it teach? What is the meaning of it as respects the various races of animals and plants which inhabit our globe, the conditions under which they live,

the modifications which they are able to produce in their surroundings and in the planet itself, which is for a season the stage whereon the drama of life is enacted?

I answer in brief that the true evolution teaches that all these vital phenomena have appeared, and do now exist, under the simple general law of growth. The theory also indicates that these organic forms will cease at the end, and be resolved by the same process of decay which attacks and demolishes the structural life of the individual. A few specific applications of the doctrine may suffice to complete so much of the subject as may well be presented in a single article.

1. *The World grew.* This planet was not, as we long supposed, rolled up in a ball and flung from the equator of the sun phenomenally into space. The matter which composes our orb was not heaped up on the solar rim and thence hurled away to its present position by centrifugal force. On the contrary, the earth was formed right in the path of its present orbit. It grew precisely where it is. Such is the decision of all the great recent astronomers. In the process there was no great commotion, no astounding cataclysms. There was a time when our earth did not weigh ten pounds. It was the vaporous nucleus, the *germ* of a planet. Upon this nucleus there was a gentle rush of surrounding matter, as if planetary snowflakes were descending upon it. The movement was gentle, for the gravity of the infant globe was not yet sufficiently great to induce a violent precipitation; gentle also from the high heat and great elasticity of the materials which were rushing together. The first interplanetary matter which was precipitated on our new-born globe descended as softly as thistledown alighting from the air. Afterwards there was a rush. The process went on with increasing rapidity. The small but growing planet drew from the surrounding space an ever-increasing aggregate of matter. The world grew great. With each succeeding revolution it swept from the neighborhood of its pathway vast divisions of that matter which we are still carrying with us on our endless journey through space.

Great were the heat and activity displayed in the body of our youthful planet. Then the earth became adult. With the giving off into space of its superfluous heat and a general condensation of its mass, the earth at length entered the Epoch of Life. Its growth still continued, but less rapidly than in the heated days of adolescence. At last came the manhood of the world. Noble creatures appeared on its surface. Some swam in the waters. Some bathed in the upper air. Some walked with dignity on the solid ground. Earth teemed with living forms. Still her energies are unexpended. Still the planet grows, slowly, now almost imperceptibly, by the occasional descent of meteoric matter. But the sky has been swept clean of the old organic material

which once abounded thickly in space. How long our mother, the Earth, smitten with the affectionate flash of the sunlight, may yet display her powers and fecundity, it were useless to conjecture. After a while she will grow old and cold. With her the epoch of life will end. Atrophy will appear in her organs; wrinkles on her brow; pallor on her desert features; rigidity in her structure. Then no more will the loving sunshine awaken with its kisses the springing grass and fragrant blossoms. The earth will enter the epoch of death, and the great drama in which we innocent ephemera have taken a momentary part will end forever.

2. *The Plants grew.* All species of vegetable life have come to pass by growth. How it was that the germs of plant-life, impressed with their several powers of increase and differentiation, found their way to the surface of our young planet, it is not the province of science to determine. That *coming* of life—whatever may have been its method—was creation. Science deals with laws and processes. True science approaches the beginning of things only with unsandaled feet. Science assumes the fact of beginning. It is evident that there was a time when, on account of the glowing heat, no plant-germs existed, or could exist, within the confines of our globe. The germs of the vegetable kingdom came *somehow* from *somewhere*. Then they grew and flourished. Given life, and evolution will explain the rest. From its germinal conditions the vegetable kingdom burst forth with an infinity of forms. Nature displayed her power and her glory. From the cryptogamous mould which lines the cellar wall to the giant pines of Mariposa, and from the microscopic blossom of the conservatory to the blazing heliotrope of the tropics, nature illustrated her wealth of forms and infinity of colors. The earth was robed as a queen; every thread in her magnificent vesture was woven in the loom of sunlight and starlight by the noiseless shuttles of growth and decay.

3. *The Animals grew.* Here again, as in the case of the vegetable kingdom, we are met at the threshold with the *How* and *Whence* of the origin of life. There was a time when no single germ of animal life existed in our planet. Now the earth teems. Myriads of animal forms pervade every element, as if they would suck up all the vitality of the world. There was, therefore, a time when animal life on the earth *began*. Here also it remains only for us to say: Given life, and evolution will explain the rest. Be assured that animals did not appear full-grown on the surface of our planet. They began from germs and rudimentary suggestions. We know this from the indubitable story of the rocks. But the germinal forms grew. This is said of them, not as individuals, but as species. They were at the first crude, rudimentary, imperfect; but they improved. Out of the lower form, the higher was

evolved; but each in its own order. There was no crossing or grafting of one stock on another stock. That would have been monstrous. That kind of development would have peopled the world with *things* instead of *creatures*. That kind of growth would have brought in a chaos worse confounded than the primeval. But it was not so. Each animal species had in it all the potencies and possibilities of its own kind—no other. Along the right lines of the true evolution every species grew—grew towards the perfection of its own kind. One creature tended ever to become a goat; another to become a wolf; a third for many ages approximated the little *Hipparion elegans*, or primitive horse. Beginning with that diminutive creature, as we find him in the geological formations of the Upper Missouri Valley, we are able, as has been recently shown in an article in *Scribner's Monthly*, to trace the entire history of horse-evolution without the loss of a link, from the geological hipparion to the magnificent clydesdales and dappled giants of the pastures of Normandy.

Slow indeed has been the process. Tedious, well-nigh everlasting, appears to have been the struggle of nature reaching out for the higher forms of life. Great have been the travail and sorrow of the common mother in the long ages of the past; but the miracle is at last accomplished. Consider to-day the perfected animal. Behold the agile roebuck or the sleek gazelle. Think of the genealogy of that beautiful being; then be struck with wonder. Let not wonder lead to incredulity, for be assured that the swift-footed creature has, as an individual, been brought to perfection—as we know—by a process just as miraculous in its method and as occult in its origin as has the species of which the individual is a part and product.

The animal races of the world began from germinal conditions and rudimentary forms. Low and vulgar were the first aspects of animate being on our planet. Afterwards the living creatures improved. They improved by growth, by the evolution of the higher from the lower. The better in each species survived; the worse perished. The strong triumphed, the weak went to the wall. Such is the law of nature; and all the powers of the human race combined and set against this law are more impotent and foolish than for one insane to stand on the shore of the Pacific and say to the infinite floods, "Be thou dried up to the bottom, O Sea!"

4. *Man grew.* This is said of him, not as an individual (for that is obvious to all), but as a species. His career as an animal has been in its methods and processes in perfect conformity with the general laws of organic growth. On his animal side, man has had a history in no wise different from that of his fellows of the lower orders of life. As a species he was once germinal. His individual life begins with

a germ; and so did his specific life. As a species, he had a long epoch of unconscious existence. As a species, his physical structure was for many ages rudimentary and tentative. Afterwards he had his childhood and adolescence. We see him in that far dawn of his consciousness a rude and imperfect creature, barely risen to the erect attitude, small in stature, unsymmetrical in parts, savage in appetite. It was in the *potentiality* and *possibility* of his nature that all his greatness lay. Viewed in himself, he was in neither body nor mind to be desired, or even looked upon with favor. He was the cave-man of archæology. He was the fellow of the cave-bear, and the cave-hyena, and of several other species of animals which nature has since rejected. His method of life was not admirable. With his long and powerful arms he broke the bones of what animal soever he caught in the chase, and ate the marrow. His jaw was the jaw of a savage; he carried the Neanderthal skull on his shoulders.

All this considered as the history of our species has appeared exceedingly repugnant to a certain class of thinkers and, I believe, to the great majority of men—even to ourselves. To most people the announcement of such a genealogy for the human race has seemed in the last degree degrading. But why should an idea of our ancestral lineage appear so abhorrent to the sentiments of any? How it is that a man, after reflecting on his own individual career, can be shocked at the career of his species is a thing the good sense of which is not apparent. Is it ignominious to have been an infant? Can any rational being feel a justifiable flush of shame when he recalls the abasement of his own unconscious state as he lay under the absolute dominion of nature, or crawled, after the similitude of a frog? Why then should one be sensitive about the more remote and impersonal fact of a weak and degraded infancy for his species?

The fact is that this sentimental abhorrence, real or feigned, relative to our descent as a species is a thing wholly without reasonable grounds. It is habitual only, not rational. If, as individuals, we look back to our own germinal state and slow development in infantile and preinfantile conditions,—if we look to this with equanimity, then to consider with shame the far-off lowly origin of our species is ridiculous. Still, it is true that, for the sake of this sentiment and against the most patent indications of science guided by right reason, men have been anxious to exempt themselves from the dominion of nature's one great law.

The fear that human pride may suffer and human arrogance be humbled by the association of our structural life with that of the animal races, under the dominion of a common law for all, has done much to delay the acceptance of the truth as it respects the prehistoric gene-

alogy of man. To many it has seemed necessary to the moral order of the world that our species should be set apart, considered by itself, made exceptional, placed under dominion of some peculiar law, or no law at all, — rather than run the hazard of classifying ourselves biologically with the animals, and considering our lineage as analogous to theirs. It is in this artificial and withal irrational sentiment that ignorance has found the most available stumbling-block to throw in the pathway of a scientific concept of the history of our kind. Men have been willing to disbelieve the sublime uniformity of nature rather than to accept a belief in the humble though obvious origin of the human species.

To my mind it appears clear that man, so far as the development of his bodily and structural life is concerned, is the result of a long process of evolutionary development, reaching back almost infinitely into the past. Thousands of years have been required in the process; perhaps hundreds of thousands. Other thousands may be required before nature and the Supreme Power over nature shall be satisfied with the product. Nor can I well understand how there is anything degrading in such a concept of the history of our race. To me there appears in this view of the origin and method of our organic life something peculiarly grand and ennobling. This concept of the human race is more hopeful than any other. It gives promise of a higher and nobler life to come. It supplies all the elements of a generous optimism, which looks ever with sympathy and delight upon the opening vistas of the future. It hints of a time when every peasant shall see his big-eyed boy a Cuvier, and every mother shall clasp an infant Shakespeare to her breast. All that supersensitive folk who affect a sentimental horror at the lowly origin which the True Evolution assigns to the human family should pause to remember that Plato was once hardly discriminable from an infant crocodile; that Julius Caesar once had less intelligence than a puppy; that Napoleon in his babyhood went on all fours like a frog; and that Lincoln for the first year of his life knew less than any calf! Remembering this and accepting it, such frightened folk will shudder no longer at the apparition of any scientific truth respecting the ethnic origin of mankind.

5. *Institutions grow.* The social forms which men have instituted obey the same general law of evolution which prevails in the natural world. To my mind it seems clear that the whole subject of sociology is a branch of natural science. Civilization is a *product*. It is evolved from the mental and physical activities of men. It results from antecedent forces, which operate by methods of assimilation and growth precisely analogous to those which determine the movements of the natural world. I think it evident that every existing institution in the

world began from a germ. In this case the germ is an *idea*. The idea becomes a thought; the thought, a purpose; the purpose, an action. The fittest action survives; the unfit perishes. Then come the unconscious infancy and half-conscious childhood of the institution that is to be.

An institution is only the organic form of thought. Two men meet and converse. The subject is the proper interpretation of the phenomena of the outer world. That conference is the beginning of some ancient system of mythological lore. Two others meet and converse, and it is the foundation of a state. From feeble and perhaps repellent social facts and forces arise those forms and aspects of human life which in the aggregate go by the name of history. The historical drama of the world is in its mode of operation as much the work of evolution as are the species of plants and animals; and he who would understand the movements of history must understand its primary law, or remain perplexed and ignorant forever. He who aspires to know the true nature and tendencies of social phenomena and to interpret the same to the understandings of others, must accept with unflinching fidelity the primary law of human society, or give up the problem as hopeless. That primary law is the law of progress, of betterment by the survival of things fit and the destruction of things unfit, of the substitution of the new for the old social forms that no longer subserve the necessities of man. Without the recognition of this law, the facts of history remain a mere chaotic mass at which the human understanding gazes in the extremity of despair.

The true science of history relates to the discovery of the laws of causation working among the actions and institutions of mankind. When the true historian discovers a new social form, he knows that the same has a lineage and genealogy. He makes the thing in question the subject of a study, just as the scientist would do with a fact in natural history. The method of the historical inquirer is this: To discover and know in their proper order the antecedents of the fact or institution which he is considering, back and back along the right lines of development to the time when the thing in question existed germinally in the concept of some brain more luminous and prophetic than the obscurity of the age.

What is a given war or a given political party but a growth? The one is the violent crisis of some social evolution; the other is the agent of some social movement or design; and both the crisis and the movement or design have been brought about by the action of general causes reaching far into the past. This is the view which the historian must take of human events, or else he must not pretend to a

knowledge which he does not possess, or presume to teach a thing which he does not understand.

To write annals is mere child's-play. Millions can do it. To speak of facts as related to each other and compose small patches of narrative sufficiently coherent to bear up the writer and a few friends, as if on a fragment of floating ice in the current of a great mist-covered river, is a thing somewhat more difficult. A few hundreds — perhaps thousands — can do it. To unite such fragments into a coherent whole, to see the relations which the major bear to the minor parts within a wide horizon, requires a still higher grade of genius and profounder acquirements in discipline and study. It may be that fifty can do it. But to look at a historical event with the all-penetrating eye of true philosophy; to see the event as it is; to behold it rising out of some other event or events that have preceded it as its cause; to watch the remoter evolution of consequent from antecedent and of that antecedent from another; to look afar, shading the vision, as if with the hand, that the power of discernment be not lost by distance; to watch the lessening fact as it drifts on the whirling tides of remote ages until at last it is seen to issue as a filament of cloud and fire from some mind more creative than its epoch, flashing out its light and heat in the cheerless chaos of barbarism, — is the highest achievement of the human genius, the profoundest interpretation which the mind of man is able to propose for the mysterious phenomena of life. Perhaps not one in the world can do it! Should such ever appear, he will be the first and greatest of historians.

What was the Roman Law, that great canon of the ancient world, out of which, as from a quarry, have been taken so large a part of the materials of modern jurisprudence? It was a growth. It came by evolution. It stood in its structural completeness as a great tree whose tremendous trunk and branches had been built up by the centuries of assimilation and ages of development. Justinian's lawyers did not make it. More true would it be to say that they were made by it! As a matter of fact, both it and they were the products of the past, evolved by the vital force of preceding ages. Take the Constitution of the United States. It was not made; it grew. What kind of foolishness is that which teaches that our Constitution was created by the Wise men of Eighty-seven? Are men indeed so short-sighted as to imagine that the members of that Constitutional Convention were the creators of our fundamental law? Indeed they were no such thing. So strong at that epoch was the operation of general causes struggling to bring forth a new frame of government that the work was retarded as much as it was accelerated by the Wise men of Eighty-seven. So conservative were they and so hampered by the existing political forms of the century

that had they not themselves been overmastered by forces stronger than themselves, the whole work must have ended in miscarriage and confusion.

The true history of the American Constitution extends over centuries of time and continents of space. It involves the consideration of the political organisms of many states and nations. The great instrument was evolved out of the structural forms of the past. It is to-day the embodiment of a political life which has abode on foreign shores, passed through infinite vicissitudes and struggles, survived the shocks and contentions of a hundred wars, and crossed stormy oceans, to find a fitting soil for further growth in the land this side of the Atlantic. Time was when the germ of our American Constitution was warmed in the bosom of Hellas. Its youth may have been passed among the municipal republics of the Middle Ages. It was a soldier militant, battling under the banner of old Ziska, when he and his Taborites fought for the rights of man in the Hussite wars. In the long struggle of the Netherlands for independence the bloody pikes of Alva and Requesens were levelled against the breast of the American Constitution as much as against the breast of the Dutch soldiery. In the era of the English Commonwealth the same principles which were to be embodied in our political frame stood up and fought, and before them the House of Stuart ultimately fell down, like the stump of Dagon, and perished.

It was this inheritance from the past that came alive into the Constitutional Convention of 1787. It entered every committee room, and dictated every resolution. For four months it walked arm-in-arm with the members of the Convention, and entered into the spirit of their cogitations. The members of the Convention did not make the Constitution, but were rather made thereby. Both the instrument and the assembly were produced by antecedent forces long working among the affairs of men; and the method of the production was that universal Law of Growth and Betterment which directs and determines alike the processes of the natural world and the order and organic forms of human society.

THE EDITOR'S EVENING.

A Lesson in Cause and Effect.

ATHENS had no poorhouses. The reason why she had none was that she did not supply the material with which poorhouses are filled. Rome had as many prisons, *pro rata* of her population, as Boston. The reason why she had as many was that she supplied the material with which to fill them. Rome thought she was doing well when she apprehended her criminals and put them in the Mamertine caves; Boston thinks so also. Rome and Boston have both flattered themselves with the notion that they "protect society" by first producing and then caging their criminals. Paris has as many almshouses as New York, and both Paris and New York have *made* the wretches who cry at the doors or drift in shoals along the streets. The reason why Paris and New York have invented the almshouse is because they first invented the beggars. It is no doubt a fine thing to make paupers and then to feed them!

Observe how it works: The magnificent ladies of Fifth Avenue hold a charity fair; they put thousands of dollars into the coffer to be used in feeding the squalid wretches in their husbands' tenement houses. They sleep that night on their husbands' breasts thinking how good they are! The great merchants and greater gamblers organize a *mont-de-piété* in which the poor and half-starved bankrupts may pawn their goods in order to get the money to pay rent to the very men who invented the big shop. I know of nothing more beautiful; it is positively romantic!

Let us consider this matter a little. Note first the fact that a hypocrite is always anxious to prove how good he is. A hypocritical society is just as anxious — and for the same reason. The individual and the social order in which he revolves are alike eager to get the credit of being good by doing a little to alleviate the evil results of their own work. A burglar may very well contribute something to repair the safe. Monte Carlo may very well make a fund to bury the suicides. A gentleman of the profession may well give his victim enough to get home with. The cashier in Canada drops a liberal and holy shilling into the box, and sheds a tear. The chief trustee waters his sugar stock a hundred per cent in order to build an asylum. Even the policeman sometimes divides with the poor devil whom he has *protected* — though this is rare!

What does all this signify? It signifies that certain influences

dominant over man-life, and certain organized powers in society, have come down to us from the Middle Ages, and that these influences and powers are so depraved that they must in self-defence do something to remedy the results of their own abuses. They must trammel up the consequences a little to the end that they may *continue* to despoil mankind. They must make a practical apology to the human race by furnishing doubtful antidotes for the very diseases with which they have inoculated the sons of men. They must save their forfeited reputations by taking up and fondling the poor wretches whom they themselves have first begotten and then disowned!

Monarchy is a brute of this kind. It is a monster that crushes down some millions or billions of human beings, enslaves them, robs them of their liberties, takes away the fruits of their toil, consumes the residue in war and lust, — and then goes to work to make the condition of the slaves so tolerable that they may still live and have children!

A mediæval church, with its gothic towers and marble palaces, with its swarm of on-hangers and its fat men in fashionable raiment, is another creature now busily engaged throughout the world in trammeling up the consequences of its own work. From filling the world with paupers and slaves this splendid reminiscence of darkness and despair now turns in self-defence to take care of its own progeny. The great reminiscence *ought* to do as much; for it has never been regarded as particularly meritorious to feed one's own. How fine it is for the fruitful mother of outcasts and beggars to give them a little counsel and coffee!

Plutocracy that snatches the wealth of the world from the hands of them that produce it is another such monster — plutocracy that sponges up the ocean in order to water Sahara with six drops! One drop is a library; one is a college; one is a hospital. The library is to perpetuate the memory of the sponge; the college is to teach the system of political economy by which the sponge sucked up the ocean; the hospital is to receive the broken bodies of those to whose families the sponge might otherwise have had to pay damages.

Here endeth the first lesson.

A Sad Case.

Old Doctor Economics down at Washington has again got out his hypodermic. He is going to give our Uncle Samuel another dose. The look on our Uncle's face as he lies there is a study. That he is a sick man let nobody doubt. The patient himself understands that he is an invalid. He has been at a Gold-cure establishment for more than three years; he has taken so much that he is as yellow as saffron. His spry look and rosy complexion have wholly disappeared. One

can but observe the look of profound discouragement on his erstwhile cheerful countenance.

The story of Samuel's life for the last few years is melancholy. Time was when he was a most prosperous personage, living well, accumulating in a modest way, enlarging and clearing new lands, adding to his family, enjoying the best of health, and whistling. In an evil day he mortgaged his farm. He had had a trouble with some recalcitrant sons whom he had established in the cotton business, and had incurred some debt which he could easily have discharged; but he was persuaded to go into bank — with the usual results.

On account of his folly Samuel fell into hard luck. His losses were great. Though he worked hard and took nothing stronger than cider he became more and more involved. His health was impaired. He was induced to send for Old Economics, who gave him an injection of *morphiæ sulphas*, and put him to sleep. In his unnatural slumber he dreamed that a syndicate of hyenas was sitting on his epigastrium. And it was so!

After years of this sorrow our beloved Uncle, now a tenant on his own lands, has again got down, and the mortgagees of his estates have decided to put him once more under the influence of the drug. Samuel himself has a strong desire to try another treatment; but he has lost the mastery of himself, and is in the hands of the faculty. Doctor Economics (the same old Quack) has loaded his barrel and sharpened his needle. Our Uncle's half-withered arm is bare, and one may see the fatal scars of the work done on that good arm years ago! Economics Medicus is now going to *protect* him again in the same old way. Under the administration of the *morph. sulph.* perhaps our Uncle will get up and dance. Victims of the habit have been known to do that. But the finale is inevitably fatal. Old Economics knows this himself; but the proprietors of the establishment, including the Superintendent, have told the Doctor that, though his patient die, he must keep him ready for another galvanic spurt in 1900! It is a sad case.

The Composite Image.

I find in the composite photograph the suggestion of something more beautiful than the picture itself. Here are many faces in one. The identity of each seems to be lost in a generalized result. The result is more beautiful than any individual face — and more spiritual. Whoever has examined with care and sympathy one of these composites must needs have been impressed with the peculiar Raphaelite expression which appears in it, and which becomes more and more distinct as the faces in the type are multiplied.

If, for example, as many as forty fair average faces be reproduced in the composite it becomes more and more an idealized and sublimated result, the like of which cannot be found in any single component part of the picture; indeed, it cannot be found anywhere in nature. Nor does it make much difference from what sources the individual faces are collected. It may be a bevy of college girls or a company from the ballet. It may be a group of politicians, commonly called statesmen (from the fact that the state supports them), or it may be a committee of railway magnates stopping at a Western city to consider the best methods of promoting the interests of the people. The group may be gathered from the street, but the result will be the same as if the human parts of it were taken from a synod or a conclave of Knights Templars. Ten candidates for the senate will make a composite not startlingly different from that produced by the faces of ten brethren of the profession! How can such a fact be accounted for? How does it happen that a group of many faces in one becomes not only typical but more and more ideal as the number is increased?

The result seems to be reached in this wise: Every human face and form has its idiosyncrasies. These are simply so many departures from the standard of the ideal in man. Two faces can agree only in so far as they conform to an ideal type. It is only on the line of agreements and not on the line of idiosyncrasies that a composite photograph can be produced. Every feature which does not accord with the like features in the other members of the group is rejected from the result; for it can leave on the sensitive plate only so slight an impression that no more than the shadow or hint of it can be found in the picture. Every departure from the ideal type is thus eliminated from the result or only faintly traced therein. But all the features in which there is an agreement of many become emphatic in the negative, and all the more as the agreement extends to all.

The ideal in man is thus centralized and fixed in the picture. About the ideal as expressed in the composite hangs a dim penumbra of imperfections. This sorrowful halo is the result of the idiosyncrasies of the individual parts. If only two faces be combined in a composite the result will be almost as little ideal—almost as *individual*—as if there were separate pictures of the two. If twenty faces be put into one the departures in each from the ideal become indistinct, while the ideal itself becomes emphatic. With two hundred faces combined, the imperfections hang only as a slight cloud about the picture, while the ideal becomes intense and lustrous. If two thousand faces should be reflected in a single image the idiosyncrasies would remain in a still fainter nimbus around the rising angel within; and it may be, if the human race should have its picture taken, the resultant face, shining

in the circle of our harmonies, and surrounded only with a translucent atmosphere of imperfections, would be the face of — Love.

Francesca and Paolo.

The awful story of Francesca da Rimini is brought once more to mind by a great painting now on exhibition in Boston. Mr. E. M. de Marini, of Paris, has exposed to American criticism what is doubtless the most remarkable product of his genius. In his painting he has portrayed most vividly what we think is the saddest historical episode of the Middle Ages, ever fertile in sorrows and crimes. The reader may have forgotten the story, or possibly may not have heard it.

About the middle of the thirteenth century a certain Malatesta, descendant of an ancient stock of bandits, made himself *podesta*, or tyrant, of the city of Rimini. This was the old Roman town of Ariminum. At the time of which we speak Italy was rent with the bloody feuds of the Guelfs and Ghibellines. Petty wars, most desperate, were the order of the day.

The Podesta Malatesta had two sons, Lanciotto the lame, and Paolo the Handsome. The father, trying to strengthen his party and confirm his power, planned to unite the house of Ravenna to his interest. To this end he solicited for his son Lanciotto the hand of the beautiful Francesca, daughter of Giovanni di Polenta, who represented the Guelfs of Ravenna. The compact was made between the heads of the two houses, and Francesca was betrothed and then wedded to the Prince Lanciotto. But she was wedded most unwillingly. She was laid on the altar with a horrible revolt in her soul; for she, having seen Paolo, the younger brother of Lanciotto, had fallen desperately in love with *him* — and he with her. But under the cruel edict of the two fathers she bowed her proud head to her fate and passed under the rod.

Paolo in despair went to the wars. For ten years he fought bravely with the enemy, but could not fling his life away. He brooded in melancholy over his hopeless fate. At last, returning to Rimini, he saw at the palace and in the gardens only the pallid brow, the bloodless cheek, and the compressed lips of Francesca; she saw only him. Nature broke out in unlawful insurrection, and they fell. Lanciotto, with the roused demon of jealousy in him, followed his brother and his wife to a bower in the summer-house and impaled them both with one thrust of his sword; they died with the sword-blade through them.

Dante took up the story — for it was well suited to his unwholesome genius. In peopling the *Inferno* he bethought him of Francesca and Paolo. What should be *their* punishment in the underworld of endless despair? He would punish them by making them eternally dead to the higher love, but clasped in each other's embrace! So he

describes them as locked in horrid death-grip forever! His thought is that they should be eternally dead in spirit love, but eternally alive in consciousness and remorse — perhaps in aversion!

It is this awful concept of singlory, dead-alive to eternity with interlocking of body-clasp and soul-revolt, this infinite paradox of love and hell embracing, — that Marini has seized and reproduced in one of the most significant pictures I ever saw. There is an indescribable fascination about it. You weep, and say nothing. The artist has humanized and more than half-redeemed the vision of Dante, and the beholder wits not whether to think the scene a section of the poet's awful dream or to transfer it to Paradise. There is a flying, uplifted cloak of drapery, or hood, about the two figures. The red sword-stab bleeds below Francesca's shoulder. Eternally alive, they clasp each other in death. They are floating or wind-blown through fathomless space. The form of Francesca and the face of Paolo are indescribable — unthinkable. They are living in sense, but dead to the spirit-life! They are happy but lost. They float in a nether heaven where all is still and deep. They are in a sunless realm lighted only by themselves. The unutterable sorrow of it is overflung like a cloud of everlasting twilight. All this Marini has thrown into a picture which, if a layman may have an opinion, is hardly second in impressiveness and hopeless beauty to any other painting in America. I wish I had not seen it!

Dante.

A man in Florence walked with downcast face
 Smileless as bronze! He went apart and stood
 Under the olive trees. The happy brood
 Of dancing children shuddered from the place!
 He muttered words, and then began to trace
 The story of the infernal neighborhood
 Vergil had shown him underneath the wood
 Where men are damned for endless time and space.

The greatest of our bards American
 Unto our harsher English rhythm has set
 The Comedy Divine — and it is well;
 Britain's Essayist has portrayed the man
 With his so matchless energy — and yet
 I like him not, because he sang of Hell!

BOOK REVIEWS.

[In this Department of THE ARENA no book will be reviewed which is not regarded as a real addition to literature.]

James Whitcomb Riley.

The cycle of James Whitcomb Riley's poetry becomes an orbit. He swings out into space and returns to us at intervals, ever brighter and warmer. Riley's muse is born out of the sweet virginity of this New World, where Love is still tolerated and God is a possibility.

The publication of "A Child-World"¹ brings us to another phase in the evolution of the best-beloved. There is in this volume an absence of much that has endeared the Hoosier poet to the American people, but there is also a revelation of much that has been hitherto unknown. Towards the close of this article I shall say something in fuller exposition of "A Child-World" and its merits; but in the body of the review I desire to dwell somewhat at length on Mr. Riley as a personality whom it can but inspire the ARENA family and all the world to know and know still better.

James Whitcomb Riley is out of the West — the abjured West. I will try to describe his country and his genesis.

The Ohio valley is shaped like a maple-leaf. It has two great thoroughfares. God made one, and man the other. The first is *La Belle Rivière* herself; the second is the National Road. In the latter, Henry Clay competed with nature in making a way for civilization into the Great West. It was one of the most rational and beneficent of human works.

The great road, creeping from Virginia, found a gap in the Alleghanies. It made its way through Ohio and Indiana, and tentatively at least to St. Louis. Along this route, not only liberty, but art and letters and all humanities, with the warmth and splendor of a new intellectual life, were to come. They were to disseminate themselves through a region of more than two hundred thousand square miles of the most beautiful country in the world.

One of the primitive villages on the National Road, twenty miles east of Indianapolis, was called Greenfield. Like all the rest, it began with a tavern where the stage-coaches stopped at night, where the emigrant wagons halted and camped, where the first store had shoes and sugar, bullets and whiskey, hardware and hats, to sell to the few inhabitants of the perfectly level, heavily wooded country stretching for miles away.

The old National Road is the main street of Greenfield. Every pleasant day fleets of cyclers of both sexes come whirling out from Indianapolis and back again. As they pass down Main Street, they sometimes stop, opposite the Pennsylvania Railway Station, to see that their rigging and dress are *à la mode* before rushing into the crowded part of the town about Court House Square. Just where they stop is a little white frame house, on

¹ "A Child-World," by James Whitcomb Riley. One volume, small 8vo, pp. 309. The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis and Kansas City; Longmans, Green & Co., London, 1897.

the north side of the street, with square windows above and below, and two brick chimneys rising through the "comb" of the roof. It is the birthplace of James Whitcomb Riley! The reader of "A Child-World" may turn to the frontispiece and see the original home of the poet. The house is two stories high, and stands so close to the sidewalk that there is little room for a yard. The neighbors pay no attention to it. The neighbors never did pay attention to anything. We are always imagining that the great and interesting thing is far off! So it is with the birthplace of Riley. So it is with the shrine of Delphi, which is now covered with a goat-house!

The date of Riley's birth is not generally known. He is past forty years of age, but he still looks young. The boy was not old enough to go to the war; but his father, Reuben Riley, and his eldest brother, John A. Riley, were soldiers. The father was a captain. He was a talented and highly respected man, a lawyer by profession, with a touch of the philosopher in his character, quite original in his ways and habits of thought.

The mention of the father suggests a word about the poet's relations to the home-folks. For them he has always had a profound affection, and to them he has dedicated nearly all of his books. His dedications show the heart of the poet. He has always been profoundly ambitious to be heard by the world — by all the world; and yet he has never sacrificed his love for the home-folks by putting the names of the renowned over against his titles.

Of the first childhood of Riley not much is known. He was an eccentric and not a well-grown boy. He was smaller in stature and not so strong as his age would indicate. His hands were little. His face and hair were white. He joined in the sports of the village, but not the rougher sort. There was an element of singularity about him which prevented his complete assimilation with the rest. He was sent to the village school, but there the nature of the boy stood in the way of what we call education. Nor need we greatly sorrow in the case of this exceptional genius that the formalities and processes of the graded and high school came to naught. His development lay not that way. It is an open question whether hydrostatics and logarithms would not in the case of the poet have been a positive detriment to his development and ascendancy. Would not such forms of knowledge have hung like cobwebs before his eyes, not to be easily brushed away when he would fain be looking at the humorous and pathetic aspects of human life?

But there is another education of which Riley has had an abundance of the best, and that is, the education of the senses. What he knows, he knows by his senses. To him the eye and the ear are everything; that is, the eye and the ear, the touch, the taste, the intellectual gaze, the emotion, the sentiment, the heart within.

A biographer not careful of the reputation of his subject would say that young Riley at length "ran off" from Greenfield. We say he went away. He was then in his teens. Lamentable it is, but he joined himself to a show and took to such travel and experience as the exhibition afforded.

He was valuable to the management and interesting to himself for his ability to play the fiddle and the guitar. To this day we may note in his

poetry humorous references to the music extorted countrywise from these instruments. Whither the young stroller went with the exhibition, nobody knows. He does not himself know. It is one of the peculiarities of the man that he has no bump for locality. It is the literal truth that the places which he visits swim around and find no lodgment in his memory.

Let none think, however, that the mind of the poet is in anywise obscure, or that it does not profoundly and distinctly know. I have seen in his manuscript, which he always prepares with the utmost care, certain places where he has been rhetorically or grammatically in doubt. It may be noted there that he has written the proper thing, erased it, interlined the improper, then read again, erased the improper, and gone back to the true! Critics and scholars may some day be surprised and instructed by a study of the changes and other peculiarities in Riley's manuscript.

While our poet was traveling with "the show," he began to come into that intimate contact with human nature and to acquire that living sympathy with its mysteries and distresses which have constituted the principal materials of his artistic life. We have remarked about his love for music. That was one thing which bound him to the far-off underside of human nature with which he was at that time associated. He could sing. He knew by heart all the old ballads and folk-songs of the Ohio Valley. How many instruments he can play no man knoweth to this day. How many sounds and imitations of man and beast he learned to produce in his character of *attaché* to a show, it were vain to conjecture. How he drifted along and got detached and found his way back to his native town, we know not.

Riley was still a boy when he began to show signs of facility in creative art. One of his early whims was to draw and paint. He can at the present time make excellent pen-sketches as illustrations for his poems. I saw him one evening draw "Billy Goodin" (the boy who *eats* everything, in one of the "Rhymes of Childhood") to please the little girl who had been reciting the piece. And the sketch might do honor to Thackeray or Cruikshank.

Riley went out on the sign-writing business. In painting signs, he introduced a mixture of art with his artisanship. Sometimes he pretended to be blind while he painted — to the admiration of men! Meanwhile, how the struggle for existence was maintained, how he fed himself and where he slept, none may ever know. The pale-faced, blue-eyed, small-handed, fiddle-playing, sign-writing boy, now approaching full growth, rambled about several States. He was as unknown as any particle of human dust that ever drifted through this blinded sphere.

Once more at Greenfield the strange young fellow began "to write for the papers." Aye, more; he became associated editorially with a county newspaper. What he produced we do not know, though doubtless it is there in print. It would be instructive and amusing — provocative alike of laughter and of tears — if we could now regain and put together all that this strange and inspired mortal produced in the little journal where he first tried his powers of composition. There it was that he became a poet. By and by his pieces found a limited insertion in papers of a larger growth; but

the struggle for recognition was hard, long, and doubtful. He learned to send his poems to reputable newspapers and magazines; but they all went one way. The waste-basket swallowed them at a gulp. Probably no other young writer, of whatever merits, has suffered in his first days more deeply by rebuff and rejection and indifference than has Riley. Even when at last he had a volume ready for publication, it was flatly refused by one of the best publishing houses in the West.

The name of the Hoosier poet began to be generally known. His wings grew. His songs flew everywhere. His name was spoken by fame. Literary rumor took him up, and carried him far. His humorous and pathetic pieces, so quaint and original, were quoted by reputable journals as far as the Alleghanies, westward to the Missouri, northward to Mackinaw, southward to the place of the magnolias. Presently he published his first volume of Hoosier songs. This was the "Old Swimmin' Hole and 'Leven More Poems." The people laughed and cried by turns over the humor and the pathos of these pieces.

It was in this work that the poet came to us in the lovable character of old Benj. F. Johnson, of Boone. Glad we are to say that the veteran still lives, that his eye is not dim, nor his natural force abated. The first publication was made in 1883. Three years afterward Riley published his book of sketches—in prose and verse—under the title of "The Boss Girl and other Stories," now entitled "Sketches in Prose and Occasional Verses." This publication brought him added fame. The title story, now known as "Jamesy," is fit to rank with the best short pieces of Bret Harte.

Scholars and men of letters soon recognized the possibilities that were in the coming man. In 1887 another volume of poems appeared under the title of "Afterwhiles." In this the romantic as well as the humorous and pathetic side of Riley's genius is seen in many of the poems. In the following year came the volume entitled "Pipes o' Pan at Zekesbury," in which the author introduces us to the "Raggedy Man" and many other characters gathered from the common lot, but glorified with the touch of sympathy and song. It was in this volume that the genius of Riley for delineating child character in its natural forms and passions, which has now found full expression in "A Child-World," was first strongly displayed.

In 1891 was published "Neighborly Poems; on Friendship, Grief, and Farm-Life," including a republication of the "Old Swimmin'-hole" series, all from the pen of the old farmer poet, Benj. F. Johnson. Meanwhile a volume entitled "Old-fashioned Roses," from the title-poem, was made up mostly from pieces which had appeared in "Afterwhiles," and was brought out by Longmans, Green & Co., London. In 1891 also appeared an *édition de luxe* of "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," taken from "Pipes o' Pan" and illustrated with colored plates. In 1893 appeared the volume entitled "Green Fields and Running Brooks;" also, "Poems Here at Home," published by the Century Company. This was followed in the fall of 1894 by "Armazindy," in which some of the best qualities of Mr. Riley's poetry are again displayed.

Several years previously the poet prepared for publication, and did publish locally, the work called "The Flying Islands of the Night." Hitherto the cycle of his poetry had shown only the work of a lyrical genius, singing the brief and pathetic songs of the people. Riley's muse had appeared to be of short flight; she fluttered about the hedges, orchards, gardens, rising possibly to the top of the old beech tree by the cabin. The ability of the poet to continue long on wing had been doubted. He accordingly published "The Flying Islands," describing the work, as if to challenge public opinion, as a "Phantastic Drama in Verse." The plan and style are a protest against the current criticism that his work is wholly lyrical. In the "Flying Islands" he first displays his constructive skill, and is no longer local. He is no longer a mere master of dialect, a serio-humorist, but a creative artist, rising into a new world of vision and dream.

"The Flying Islands of the Night" is one of the most original compositions in the English language. The critics, failing to perceive that the work is a *conceit*, a *fantasy*, a thing of pure imagination and weird whimsicality, as much as the "Midsummer Night's Dream" itself, have seemed thus far to shake their heads and sheer off from the "Flying Islands;" but the poem is none the less destined at the last to triumph. It is a work of universal humanity as much as "Faust." The author has not only constructed, but created and peopled his flying islands. The beings who inhabit Wunkland and Spirkland are as real and living in their kind as are the people of the streets. Krung is a king, and Jucklet is immortal.

The latest product of this beautiful native soul is "A Child-World." This work has an analogy in one particular to the "Flying Islands of the Night;" that is, it is a *single* poem made up of parts or episodes, some of which are songs in themselves, and others a kind of interludes in the faintly traced drama of the whole. The poet speaks in some parts for himself; in other parts he speaks and interprets in his characters.

"A Child-World" shows the poet as a revealer of the scenes and incidents, the joys and hopes, of childhood. The place of the child-world is in the West, though the life depicted is so natural and purely human as to fit almost every type of home sentiment in every land. It is a mosaic of pictures, the colors of which have been caught, we think, fresh from the memories of the poet himself. "A Child-World" seems to be the world in which he dwelt in the first years of his life. No doubt most of the characters are gathered from the group that used to be seen of evenings and mornings about the humble Riley home in Greenfield. The old folks are all here. The blessed features of the home-place revive and blossom. Here is the cherry-tree:

Its bloomy snows
Cool even now the fevered sight that knows
No more its airy visions of pure joy —
As when you were a boy.

In the home-group are Johnty with his conscience, and the tow-headed Bud who uses the superlative, and Maymie with her hazy cloud of hair, and

Alex who had the "Festibul," and little Lizzie, and Uncle Mart, and the slender, sweet Mother, and the Hired Man, and Noey Bixler, and Almond Keefer, and the Poet, and Jason, and all the rest with their respective gifts of story or fairy-tale, — on and on to the end of the beautiful dream.

Into this work are set, as we have said, many poetic pieces so touching and full of soul that one may scarcely name them without tears. Here, for example, is the ditty of the Willow, and here is the song of the Child-heart, and here the anthem, "While the Heart Beats Young," and here the song of the "Warm Health-giving Weather," and "The Dreamer," and Floretty's piece, and "The Old Snow-Man" —

Ho! The old Snow-Man
That Noey Bixler made:
He looked as fierce and sassy
As a soldier on parade.

Here also are the pieces that constitute the woof of the child-world: the Hired Man's Philosophy, Maymie's story of Red Ridinghood, Bud's Fairy Tale, Cousin Rufus's Story, and in particular Alex's Bear Story, which he "ist maked up his-own-se'f." Out of all these the reader, knowing not the original, might be entertained for hours with extracts amounting to the whole. It is all like a dream which the flinty soul of the critic also sees once more through blinded eyes from his far-off place looking back to the days and scenes that were and are no more.

The poetry of James Whitcomb Riley has reached its popularity by means of certain qualities which it possesses, different in kind and measure from anything to be found in any other of our American bards. The first of these, perhaps, is the absolute naturalness and fidelity of Riley's work. The transcript is from both man and nature, but principally from man. More properly, it is fidelity to life in all its forms, whether man-life or some other kind. Riley sings the sorrows of the cricket, the exaltation of the tree-toad, with as much truthfulness and hearty sympathy as though humanity were at stake. So vivid is his appreciation of the world of small life hidden in grass and orchard that he only, of all our later bards, is able to create Fairies and Little Folks. He makes even the stiff, philosophical mind believe in the lost fairyland which vanished with Shakespeare:

An', wite by the pump in the pasture-lot,
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,
'At lives 'way deep in the ground an' can
Turn into me er 'Lizabuth Ann.

Let no one forget the fairy sketch in which Mrs. Squidjicum is represented as sitting under a clover leaf paring dewdrops for breakfast! The husband of this fairy-lady appears in "A Child-World" as the hero of Bud's story.

Up in the realm of humanity nobody doubts the fidelity of the pictures which Riley draws. Many times these are painfully true. Think of the little hunchback who erstwhile weighed thirty-six, and still weighs thirty, sitting at the window and shaking his fist at the burly Christmas boys outside, challenging them to fight, and laughing, unconscious of the awful thing that

has him. Oh, it is pitiful! Or again, take Jonah, of the harelip, who was shunned by everybody, left to his own desolation until what time he was drowned in an act of heroism, and washed up away down the creek, face upwards, harelip still there, more ugly than in life, but triumphant, loved, wept over, silently jubilant in the unconscious victory over the hell of living.

In hardly any other poetry do we find such a mixture of pathos and humor. The emphasis is on the commingling of these qualities. The reader, under the spell of Riley's poetry, — that is, if he is deep in it, — hardly knows whether to laugh or cry. If Riley were a wit, the admixture of things in his song would be complete. He has, however, but little wit — just as a poet ought not to have. That is, *he hurts nobody*. His humor is immeasurable; but he does not possess that quality of mind which delights in sting and satire. He never carries a whip, even for the bad. In one single instance old Benj. F. Johnson — perhaps on a rainy day and soured with an indigestion — writes "Mylo Jones's Wife," but when he comes to anathematize that bad woman, even *his* anger half turns to humorous jest:

Dad-burn Mylo Jones's wife!
Ruther rake a blame caseknife
'Croست my wizzen than to see
Sich a womern rulln' me.

In Riley all suffering and all calamity run, if possible, through the shadows of pathos into the sunny places of humor. The sufferer, whoever he is, always shares the laugh. Does not "Coon-dog Wes," utterly ruined by the crushing of his legs — both of them — under the tree which he had chopped down, survive and laugh even at that?

As fer him, he'd say, says 'ee,
I'm resigned to bein' lame:
They was four coons up that tree,
And hounds got 'em, jest the same.

Higher up than this, or deeper down, the sorrow sometimes breaks the heart, but it does not kill. The old man and his aged wife cannot participate in the services of Decoration-day, but they still live and have joy in the heart. They are alone with the memory of their Elias. They see the troop of little girls go by in white, carrying their loads of roses. They hear the bands play. They see the carriages and the procession. Then, when all are gone, they go out alone under the apple trees to a single grave. They would gladly have joined with the rest, but they could not. The old man says:

We've tried that — me and Mother — where Elias takes his rest
In the orchurd — in his uniform, and hands acrost his breast;
And the flag he died fer, smilin' and a-ripplin' in the breeze
Above his grave — and over that — a robin in the trees.

And yit it's lonesome — lonesome. It's a Sund'y-day to me,
It 'pears like — more'n any day I nearly ever see —
Still, with the Stars and Stripes above, a-flutterin' in the air
On every soldier's grave, I'd love to lay a lily there.

The ability of Riley to seize upon and depict even the commonest

circumstances, and at the same time to clothe them with a vestment which, if not poetical, why then, Messieurs the Critics, what is it? It is this quality, we believe, in Riley's verse which finally conquered Mr. Howells. He went down before the poet's cricket and bumble-bee and rooster:

The bumble-bee is pelted down
The wet stem of the hollyhock;
And sullenly, in spattered brown,
The cricket leaps the garden walk.

Within, the baby claps his hands
And crows with rapture strange and vague;
Without, beneath the rosebush, stands
A dripping rooster on one leg.

At times the muse of Riley becomes strangely intense and earnest. Then it is that the profounder soul within is stirred to its depths. Among several of the songs that exhibit this quality of intense, soul-moving thought and sorrow, the best, perhaps, of all is the one entitled "Home." Indeed, I hesitate whether or not to say this is the greatest of all Riley's poems:

We must get home: all is so quiet there:
The touch of loving hands on brow and hair —
Dim rooms, wherein the sunshine is made mild —
The lost love of the mother and the child
Restored in restful lullabies of rain.
We must get home, we must get home again.

We must get home; and, unremembering there
All gain of all ambitions elsewhere,
Rest — from the feverish victory and the crown
Of conquest whose waste glory weighs us down.
Fame's fairest gifts we toss back with disdain —
We must get home, we must get home again.

We must get home, where, as we nod and drowse,
Time humors us and tiptoes through the house,
And loves us best when sleeping babywise,
With dreams — not tear-drops — brimming our clenched eyes, —
Pure dreams that know nor taint nor earthly stain.
We must get home — we must get home again!

Many mistakes have been made in the popular, and even critical, estimate of Riley and his genius. One of these, perhaps the most important, is that which makes him to be a poet of *narrow range*. There is an opinion that the instrument of his art has only a few tones, when, as a matter of fact, it is the broadest diapason that we have seen in many a year. It is not true that Riley sings only in a few keys. He has poems that lie *further apart* in the realms of song than can be paralleled in the case of any other bard of these much-singing days. The fact is that the very extremes of human nature have, as it were, been touched and sung by our poet. Here, for example, are two of his well-known poems, "The Fishin'" and "Illileo." Were there ever two products of the human mind more wide apart than these?

Wunst we went a-fishin' — me
 An' my Pa an' Ma all three,
 When they was a picnic, way
 Out to Hanch's Woods, one day.
 An' they was a crick out there,
 Where the fishes is, an' where
 Little boys 'taint big an' strong
 Better have their folks along!

* * * * *
 Purt' nigh dark in town when we
 Got back home; an' Ma says she,
 Now she'll have a fish fer shore!
 An' she buyed one at the store.

And here, in contrast, is the beautiful, mystical, romantic poem of

ILLILEO.

Illileo, the moonlight seemed lost across the vales —
 The stars but strewed the azure as an armor's scattered scales;
 The airs of night were quiet as the breath of silken sails,
 And all your words were sweeter than the notes of nightingales.
 Illileo Legardi, in the garden there alone,
 With your figure carved of fervor, as the Psyche carved of stone,
 There came to me no murmur of the fountain's undertone
 So mystically, musically mellow as your own.
 You whispered low, Illileo — so low the leaves were mute,
 And the echoes faltered breathless in your voice's vain pursuit;
 And there died the distant dalliance of the serenader's lute:
 And I held you in my bosom as the husk may hold the fruit.
 Illileo, I listened. I believed you. In my bliss,
 What were all the worlds above me since I found you thus in this? —
 Let them reeling reach to win me — even heaven I would miss,
 Grasping earthward! — I would cling here, though I clung by just a kiss.
 And blossoms should grow odorless — and lilies all aghast —
 And I said the stars should slacken in their paces through the vast,
 Ere yet my loyalty should fail enduring to the last.
 So vowed I. It is written. It is changeless as the past.
 Illileo Legardi, in the shade your palace throws
 Like a cowl about the singer at your gilded porticos,
 A moan goes with the music that may vex the high repose
 Of a heart that fades and crumbles as the crimson of a rose.

Throughout all Riley's excursions as a poet may be seen traces of a certain quaintness of spirit and method. Perhaps in a majority of all his printed poems, reaching now well up to a thousand, such a trace of quaintness may be discovered. An example is that odd stanza, broken off into zigzag and running down like a companion-way in the afterpart, as we see first in *Little Orphant Ailie*, the famous "Goble-un" poem, which has been imitated hundreds of times in the verse-writing of the day.

Riley of all men living is, we believe, the only poet who ever produced a poem written in blank verse and rhyming tetrameter; and yet that is precisely the kind of a poem which he has given us in the "Flying Islands of the Night." In that marvellous last scene, in which Krung the king stands

in reflective and despairing mood after the death of Krestilomeem, — bewailing his loss, remembering her overpowering beauty, and trying to make analysis of his reasons for loving her in spite of her crimes, — he says that it may have been this or that which made him her slave :

Or — who will say? — perhaps the way she wept.
Ho! — have ye seen the swollen heart of summer
Tempest, o'er the plain, with throbs of thunder
Burst apart and drench the earth with rain? She
Wept like that. — And to recall, with one wild glance
Of memory, our last love-parting — tears
And all — it thrills and maddens me! And yet
My dreams will hold her, flushed from lifted brow
To finger-tips, with passion's ripest kisses
Crushed and mangled on her lips. . . . O woman! while
Your face was fair, and heart was pure, and lips
Were true, and hope as golden as your hair,
I should have strangled you!

I shall conclude these inadequate comments on the genius of James Whitcomb Riley with the citation of a single bravura from "A Child-World." It is that sweetest of sweet songs out of the dewy dawn, called

SONG OF THE CHILD-HEART.

The Child-heart is so strange a little thing —
So mild — so timorously shy and small, —
When *grown-up* hearts throb, it goes scampering
Behind the wall, nor dares peer out at all!

It is the veriest mouse
That hides in any house —

So wild a little thing is any Child-heart!

Child-heart! — mild heart! —

Ho, my little wild heart! —

Come up here to me out o' the dark,

Or let me come to you!

So lorn at times the Child-heart needs must be,

With never one maturer heart for friend

And comrade, whose tear-ripened sympathy

And love might lend it comfort to the end, —

Whose yearnings, aches, and stings,

Over poor little things,

Were pitiful as éver any Child-heart.

Times, too, the little Child-heart must be glad —

Being so young, nor knowing, as *we* know,

The fact from fantasy, the good from bad,

The joy from woe, the — *all* that hurts us so!

What wonder then that thus

It hides away from us? —

So weak a little thing is any Child-heart!

Nay, little Child-heart, you have never need

To fear us; — we are weaker far than you —

'Tis *we* who should be fearful — we indeed

Should hide us, too, as darkly as you do, —

Safe, as yourself, withdrawn,

Hearing the World roar on

Too wilful, woful. awful for the Child-heart!

THE ARENA FOR JULY.

Absorption of the American Magazine of Civics.

As already announced in the Editorial synopsis of *THE ARENA* for May the *American Magazine of Civics* has been purchased and absorbed by *THE ARENA*. In the latter a department, to be entitled "*The Civic Outlook*" or some other appropriate caption, will be maintained as a matter of special interest to the American Institute of Civics; and to this department Henry Randall Waite, Ph. D., President of the American Institute, will be the Special Contributor. Dr. Waite's first article was to have appeared in the current number of *THE ARENA*, but unavoidable delays have carried over his contribution to July. The myriad readers of *THE ARENA*, as well as the members of the American Institute of Civics, will be deeply interested in the articles on the "*Civic Outlook*."

The Citadel of the Money Power.

One of the leading features of *THE ARENA* for July will be a debate between Mr. Henry Clews and the Editor on the true place of Wall Street in American civilization. Mr. Clews submitted to *THE ARENA* a contribution on "Wall Street, Past, Present, and Future," in which he sets forth the history, conditions, and prospects of that prodigious power, which he represents. The paper came as a sort of challenge, and the gauntlet is taken up by the Editor in his Reply to Mr. Clews, which will perhaps set the country to thinking on the merits of the case.

The Founder of The Arena.

The readers of *THE ARENA* will be well pleased to re-welcome to the pages of their favorite magazine its distinguished founder, Mr. B. O. Flower, who will appear in the number for July, and will speak once more, after a silence of several months, to his thousands of admirers. His subject will be "John Ruskin."

Hon. Charles A. Towne.

After the eloquent William Jennings Bryan there is a consensus of opinion that Hon. Charles A. Towne, of Minnesota, Chairman of the National Committee of the Silver Republican Party, stands preëminent as a defender of the cause of

the people. His powerful speech on Free Coinage will be remembered as one of the unanswered and unanswerable arguments of the great campaign. Mr. Towne will appear in *THE ARENA* for July with a caustic review of the Waldorf Banquet given recently in New York to the ex-President of the United States, and will handle severely the speeches delivered on that occasion.

Credit and Prices.

The keen debate now running through journalism relative to the relation of credit and prices is taken up in *THE ARENA* for July by A. J. Utley, Esq., of Los Angeles, who views the question on the new and progressive theory that prices are not wholly, or even principally, determined by the old *laissez-faire* actions and co-actions of supply and demand, but most largely by the condition and volume of the currency.

The Single Tax in Operation.

In the number for July, Honorable Hugh H. Lusk, a publicist of New Zealand, will present an able paper on the above subject, which will be of unusual interest to American readers, for the reason that Mr. Lusk has deduced the materials of his contribution from his own experience and observation as a member of the New-Zealand legislature.

Studies in Ultimate Society.

The issue for July will contain two important contributions to a better understanding of the Theory of Life. Mr. Lawrence Gronlund, author of "*The Co-operative Commonwealth*," presents an article entitled "*A New Interpretation of Life*," in which the altruistic view is advanced and supported with able argument; while Mr. K. T. Takahashi traverses the same ground in the opposite direction, presenting his views under the head of "*Individualism vs. Altruism*."

Prof. John E. Commons.

Under the caption of "*Natural Selection, Social Selection, and Heredity*," Prof. John E. Commons, of Syracuse University, contributes to *THE ARENA* for July a strong scientific article setting forth several new views on the great question of the epoch.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Many of our subscribers having received the impression that we are the "late management" referred to in Mr. B. O. Flower's circular letter, we simply reply that we are not the late management referred to, and that we are, and have always been, on the most friendly terms with Mr. Flower. That gentleman herewith graciously confirms our friendship, and we are pleased to inform our patrons that he will join us as special contributor, beginning with the July number.

A Card from Mr. B. O. FLOWER.

To the readers of THE ARENA:

I take pleasure in announcing to my friends that, since the parties through whose agency my relations to The Arena Publishing Company were broken and my success impaired are no longer connected in any manner whatever with THE ARENA, and the new management having assured me that the policy of THE ARENA is to continue to be that of a great liberal reformatory review under the Editorial management of Dr. John Clark Ridpath, I have consented to act as special contributor, and will prepare a paper for each issue of the review. It is, indeed, a pleasure to again speak to my host of friends through the columns of the review I founded, and it is doubly gratifying to me to know that THE ARENA is now in hands which will maintain it as a great liberal reformatory review.

Cordially Yours
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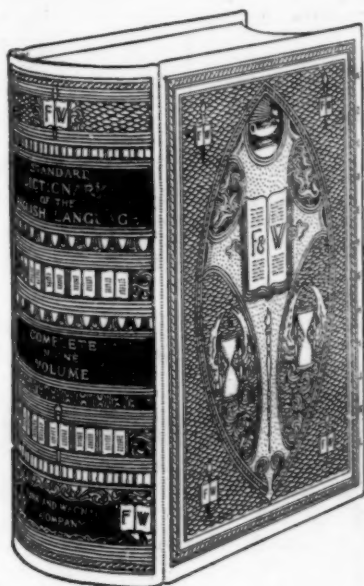
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